

Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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ST. PETER'S, ROME, ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

BOSTON'S GREAT CATHOLIC CELEBRATION.

During five days, ending November 1, we have had in Boston a great celebration of the history of the Catholic Church in Boston during the past hundred years. In the *Boston Pilot*, of October 31, we find much of this history.

On the first page we find the faces of the Right Reverend John B. Fitzpatrick, who was one of our clients more than forty years ago; and of the Most Reverend John J. Williams, vice-president of both our Humane Societies and with us one of the founders of our American Bands of Mercy, and always our friend. And a little farther on we find the face of another of our former clients, the Reverend George F. Haskins, founder of the House of the Angel Guardian; and the face of Hon. Patrick A. Collins, a director of both our Humane Societies, Mayor of Boston, and for many years our friend; and a little farther on the face of Patrick Donahoe, also a director of both our Humane Societies, and who, when we were sick with double pneumonia, left his important duties and traveled miles to see us. One day we said to him, "We have just received a letter from a little editor out West that he never wants to see *Our Dumb Animals* again because we have spoken kindly of the Catholic Church," to which, after a moment's thought, he replied, "Poor fellow, I will offer a prayer for him." And here is the face of John Boyle O'Reilly, one of our directors and always our friend. The last time we saw him he took from the shelf over his table our "Autobiographical Sketches" and said: "There, Angell, I

always keep this volume because I like to take it down when I get a little time and read it;" and then our thoughts go back to our former client, Monsignore Patrick Strain, for whom we did, long ago, much legal business and who aided us to form the first *parochial* Band of Mercy in his great school at Lynn, and we remember how the Catholic Bishop of Chicago rendered us greater service than any other clergyman of that city in organizing the Illinois Humane Society; and how the Catholic priest of Jacksonville, Florida, gave the whole Catholic influence to our organizing the Humane Society there, while to secure the Protestant influence we had to give separate addresses to the various sects, divided into North, South, and colored.

The address of Governor Guild to the convention in Symphony Hall, the sermon of the Most Reverend William H. O'Connell in the cathedral, and the great number of historical accounts which the *Pilot* contains will interest not only Catholics but large numbers of Protestants.

And now we cannot forget how hundreds of parochial children have sent to us to say they wanted us to consider them as our personal friends. Some years ago we were invited to address *all the churches* of Dover, N. H., Sunday afternoon in the City Hall, which would seat about fifteen hundred. On arriving at Dover Saturday night the committee told us that all the *Protestant churches* had united, but they had thought it not desirable to say anything to Father Murphy (since made a Monsignore) because he was such a terrible fellow that it was of no use to consult him. Sunday morning we thought we would consult the terrible fellow personally, and in five minutes he said he would give us the whole time of his Sunday school, which was so large we had to speak twice. In the afternoon, *ahead of the time of meeting*, he had about five hundred parochial children in the best seats of the City Hall, which was pretty much filled with Catholics, and when at the time of meeting the Protestants came they couldn't get into the hall, and the president of the New Hampshire Society P. C. Animals was told it was no use for him to try to get in, so we addressed all the Protestant clergy of the city on the platform and a great audience composed mostly of Catholics.

But the great day of this Boston celebration was on November 1, when about *forty thousand* men, largely young men, marched in solid procession, in files of twelve, to the music of one hundred and eight bands through our streets to be reviewed by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop O'Connell and the Mayor of Boston. And as we looked down on this great procession two thoughts came to us: First, that saying nothing of theological opinions there can be no doubt that innumerable millions of the human races have on the whole lived better lives and died happier because of the teachings and ministrations of the Catholic church, and, second, that the American Catholic church is a great protection of property and life, and if anarchist mobs should ever attempt to raise their bloody hands and flags in Boston, these forty thousand men would crush them as quickly as Napoleon did the mobs of Paris.

On the summit of the Andes Mountains in South America, on the boundary line of Chili and Argentina, stands a great statue of Christ made from melted cannon and on it is inscribed, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentinians and Chilians break the peace in which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer." It is the first statue of its kind in the world and the work of Catholics, and now it is our earnest hope that through the influence of Catholics and Protestants similar statues shall be erected on the boundaries of other nations to proclaim peace on earth and good will not only to all human beings, but also to those other races which God has created to depend on our mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Do Catholics ever give anything, Mr. Angell, to help your humane work?

Answer: One Catholic gave us last year ten thousand dollars. Archbishop Williams always sent us ten dollars every year, and from other Catholics we have received many gifts.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

When we were in the practice of law many distinguished people came to our offices, Senators Sumner and Wilson, Governor John A. Andrew, Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, but none were more welcome than Wendell Phillips and Lydia Maria Child. One day Mr. Phillips put into our hands three volumes of a history of the *Progress of Religious Ideas through the Ages*, written by Lydia Maria Child, which we read with intense interest, marking with our pencil several hundred passages which seemed to us deserving of close consideration. Mrs. Childs devoted some years to the writing of this book, but financially it was a failure. We tried at one time to have her cut it down to about one quarter of its original size, assuring her that we thought in that form it would reach a large sale, but she said she was too old to attempt it.

On its first page it tells its story, quoted from Lowell, thus:

"God sends His teachers into every age,
To every clime and every race of men
With revelations fitted to their growth.
Therefore each form of worship that has swayed
The life of man and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right."

And the object of our printing this and sending it to all the editors of newspapers and magazines in our country, *including all religious papers*, is to spread widely the thought that we should not despise the religious beliefs of other people because they differ from our own. GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Upon Whom Can He Rely?

(1) Upon all army and navy officers who hope for distinction, promotion and larger pay.

(2) Upon all who for various reasons enlist in our armies and navies, where they can secure good pay and life pensions when disabled.

(3) Upon all army and navy contractors who supply our armies and navies with guns, ships and all army and navy supplies to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars.

(4) Upon a great standing army of it may be two hundred thousand office holders scattered all over our country, in every city and town, who are anxious to retain their offices and ready to use every effort through the press, public meetings, dinners, speeches and otherwise to sustain the administration which sustains them.

Probably no man in the world [unless it be the Czar of Russia] has greater power than our President in time of war.

Would it not be a wise provision of law to limit the presidential office to one term of four years?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WILLIAM H. TAFT ELECTED PRESIDENT.

While we are sure that without going beyond the boundaries of our own State we could find many men better and safer to be President of the United States than William H. Taft, we are glad the election has been so decisive as to leave no possibility of doubt. The Hayes and Tilden election, as many of our readers know, brought a great danger to our country which was happily bridged over,

though many Democrats doubtless believe to this day that Tilden was legally elected. We thought it our duty to call upon our Christian churches to take decisive action, and so addressed on the subject the Monday morning meeting of the Episcopal clergy of Boston and vicinity with some of the delegates attending the National Episcopal Convention then being held in Boston.

Our nomination for President, as we have said before, was Oliver Wendell Holmes, a man who has been wounded in three battles fighting for the unity of his country, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, and Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; a man of the same stamp as our late Senator George F. Hoar and our present Representative Samuel Walker McCall, who perhaps may become a leader of a new political party which shall include the best elements of both the present ones. We want to see in the presidential chair men whose ideas of fighting are like those of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Sherman.

In this critical period of our country's history we feel like saying with profound reverence:

"Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light.
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PAPER READ AT THE NEW ORLEANS CONVENTION.

To the Annual Convention of the American Humane Association at New Orleans, November 17, 18 and 19, 1908.

It gives me pleasure to write a few lines which may or may not be read at your annual convention.

We have a great country here, where every man is a sovereign and every woman a queen and whose poorest boy may become its most prominent citizen. We want this country of ours to lead the world in the progress of civilization and humanity, both to our own race and to all the lower ones which depend on our mercy. To accomplish this, we want to bind all parts of our country together in one grand union, and it is most desirable that the representatives of our humane societies should meet from time to time in leading cities, North, South, East and West.

The kind experiences that I, with Mrs. Angell, had in New Orleans in the winter of 1884-5 makes me sorry we cannot be in New Orleans again, and glad that so many of you, younger than myself, have now the privilege which I enjoyed. The four months of December, January, February, and March of 1884-5, were full of interesting work to me every day; talking with thousands of people whom I met at the International Exposition and elsewhere, giving away tens of thousands of copies of humane publications, addressing all the universities and the white and colored schools of the city, organizing Bands of Mercy, and helping to organize, at the St. Charles Hotel, on March eighteenth, the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

I shall never forget the kindness received by Mrs. Angell and myself from Mr. and Mrs. George Nicholson, proprietors of the *New Orleans Picayune*, whose house was our home until we obtained permanent accommodations. Among our first callers were the rector of the great Episcopal church of the city, the mother of the State superintendent of public education, and the agricultural editor of the *Picayune*, an old planter who, at our first interview, said, with tears in his eyes, "I believe, Mr. Angell, the curse of God is on my State for the terrible cruelty inflicted here on dumb animals."

That winter's work in New Orleans, published in *Our Dumb Animals*, attracted the attention and thought of our good friend, Mrs. Anna E. Brown, of Quincy, Illinois, and when her will was opened, after her decease, it was found that while she had given to our Massachusetts Society fifteen thousand dollars, she had, in view of the great need of our work in the Southern States, given the Louisiana Society, if I remember rightly, about forty thousand dollars.

Twenty-seven years ago I addressed your convention in our Tremont Temple at Boston, and, in closing, said:

I shall not speak to you to-night about the immortality of animals, believed in by more than half the human race; the fact is we have about as much as we can attend to, to look after their mortality without discussing much the question of their immortality. I don't know whether they are immortal or not, but away back in the book of Genesis I find that, "God made the cattle;" in another place, "God remembered the cattle;" in another, "He caused the grass to grow for the cattle;" and in another, "The cattle on a thousand hills are His." Now, if we are taking care of God's cattle, are we, or are we not, in His service—just as truly as the minister who preaches the gospel, just as truly as the one who goes missionary to the heathen? And do you think, in the day of final account, when we stand before the bar of infinite justice to answer for deeds done in the body, God will forget the men who took care of His cattle, and the women who took care of His cattle? Or, will He say to them, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my creatures, ye have done it also unto me." My friends, carry these thoughts home with you to-night, and consider what you can say or do to help God's cattle; and if you can say any thing, say it, and if you can do any thing, do it; and thank God you have come to this meeting to-night to learn for perhaps the first time in your lives a new way of serving Him by taking care of His cattle.

Probably two-thirds of that audience meeting in your convention who listened to my words twenty-seven years ago, between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, in the Tremont Temple, have passed from human sight and perhaps now know whether the Almighty power that controls the universe has forgotten the men and women who have tried to secure greater kindness on our thousands of hills and plains for His cattle, which for His own wise purposes He created to depend on our mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT GOOD DO THE "BANDS OF MERCY" DO?

Answer: (1) Every "Band" formed opens a door for the distribution of humane literature.

(2) The man or woman or boy or girl who takes the pledge [even only once] will never forget it.

(3) If the pledge is repeated once a week or once a month, the impression is still stronger.

(4) If followed by proper reading, singing and instruction once a week or once a month—stronger still.

The superintendent of public schools of Minneapolis once told me that my talk he heard while in college so changed his views that when he left college he carried with him no stronger impression from his whole college course than that of his duty to God's lower creatures.

President Hayes told me at Washington, years ago, that a single talk he once heard on the subject when at school [in Massachusetts] he had never been able to forget, and so he put into his annual message to Congress what I had written in regard to the cruel transportation of animals on our railroads.

Many millions of animals are now annually



THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

saved from terrible cruelty in the great Chicago stockyards largely through the influence of one man, whose teacher more than sixty years ago away up in the mountains of New Hampshire put into his little hand some verses on kindness to animals, which he has remembered through life.

Will the Bands Last?

For the good of our country and the world we hope they will last as long as the world lasts—and cruelty.

If our "American Humane Education Society" had the means we should not only employ agents to form them in the schools of every State and Territory, but also to visit them every year.

I do not know whether the lower races have a future life or not, but if God created them and if He cares for them, then I think He will not forget the acts of kindness we do to make their lives happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

[One of our Band of Mercy Hymns.] RING THE BELLS OF MERCY.

By Emily Bryant Lord, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Tune—"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Ring the bells of mercy,
Ring them loud and clear,
Let their music linger
Softly on the ear,
Filling souls with pity
For the dumb and weak,
Telling all the voiceless
We for them will speak.

Ring the bells of mercy
Over hill and plain,
Let the ancient mountains
Chant the glad refrain,
That where man abideth,
Or creature God hath made,
Laws of love and kindness
Shall on each soul be laid.

Ring the bells of mercy
Over land and sea,
Let the waiting millions
Join the jubilee,
Peace on earth descending,
Fill the human breast,
Giving to the weary
Sweet and blessed rest.

While marching to the great meeting of 25,000 Band of Mercy children in Convention Hall, Kansas City, Missouri, the children sang, as they waved their flags, the above song.

The above picture reminds us that some years ago came a proposition that we should go to war with Chili and bombard Valparaiso because some of our United States sailors contrived to get into a row there. Through the press we endeavored to show the folly and wickedness of such a proposition and the matter was peaceably settled. Then came a proposition of President Cleveland to go to war with Great Britain about the boundary of a piece of wild land down in Venezuela. We offered, in behalf of our American Humane Education Society, a prize of two hundred dollars for the best plan of avoiding the war, which resulted in a wide competition and was won by Dr. Hamilton, now President of Tufts College.

Last, and a thousand times more important, came a proposition for an unnecessary and totally unjustifiable war with Spain. We did everything in our power to prevent it, but the cattle-ranch, rough-rider Roosevelt influence was too strong, and so we had much loss of life, great suffering to both human beings and horses, an enormous increase of our pension list, and paid twenty million dollars for the Philippine Islands, to hold which by military power, against the wishes of their inhabitants, Roosevelt wants us to raise great armies and build great fleets of battleships, and set all the school boys in America to shooting army rifles.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MOTHER AT PRAYER.

"Once," says a writer, "I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room and saw her on her knees and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle."

It was the custom of our own good mother, during many years of the last of her life, to spend two hours of every day in silent prayer.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

THE COMING WINTER ON THE RANGE.

The past summer has been unusually dry and from all parts of the West come reports that there is little grass on the range and the outlook is bad. This is as true of other States as it is of Colorado. In such a case, especially when it is true at the very beginning of fall, one of two things must be done or range stock will begin to run down in flesh from insufficient food almost at once and begin to die long before they usually do. If, in addition to the short range, we have an unusually hard winter, the conditions will be just so much worse.

Either stock must be shipped out or feed shipped in. Those who have a few tons of feed and three or four times as much stock as it is enough for must get more feed or get rid of part of their stock. The condition of weakness and starvation so often reached in the spring is already reported in some parts of the State.

Officers of this Bureau are instructed to keep an active lookout for bad stock conditions in their respective neighborhoods and either take action in time themselves or report the cases with addresses of owners to the office in the Capitol. Sheriffs and peace officers generally are asked to do the same thing, and the newspapers of the State are requested to give as wide publicity as possible to this notice and urge upon their readers compliance with the law and protection for the stock already beginning to starve. It is time the disgrace to the civilization of the West, and especially of this State, involved in the annual starvation of range stock is put an end to.—*Child and Animal Protection, Denver, Colorado.*

What Peck's Sun, Milwaukee, says about the cattle kings:—

"The time is coming when men will be prosecuted for starving a thousand cattle to death in the West, as an Eastern farmer would be prosecuted for starving one animal to death. Any person who has traveled across a cattle range by rail, and seen thousands of dead cattle lying beside the track, starved and frozen, will be glad to see the law enforced. A cattle king has no more right to starve his cattle than a farmer has to starve a horse. The Century Magazine published the confessions of Theodore Roosevelt, a New York cattle owner, who told of the freezing cattle of the West, as though it was a good stroke of business. It did not seem to have occurred to the editors of the Century, or to Roosevelt, that cattle-starving is cruel."

"ROOSEVELTIAN FACT AND FABLE."

One of the most prominent ladies of Massachusetts, near relative to a still more prominent man, sends us a book under the above title, issued by The Broadway Publishing Company of New York City, which seems to us likely to receive a great reading in our country and give to tens of thousands of people a true idea of Theodore Roosevelt. Though we should have been glad to have seen in it more of his cattle-ranch history and fighting propensities, the closing lines of its preface are these:

"It may be true, as P. T. Barnum once observed, 'that Americans love to be humbugged,' but there are straw indications here and there that many of them are emerging from the Roosevelt spell. The time seems ripe for appealing from the American people drunk to the American people sober, and to take advantage of the lull in the shouting for applying the historic measuring rod to the Roosevelt dimensions."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Little boy—"Pa—why do they always represent Victory as a woman?"

Pa—"When you get married one of these days, my son, you will find out."

WHAT A THOUGHT.

What a thought it is to the intelligent reflecting mind that at the close of the nineteenth century all the great nations of the world professing to be the followers of Christ and to be looking forward to an inheritance in the same heaven should be struggling to maintain enormous armies and navies with all the terrible modern inventions of war for the purpose of killing each other—and then the savagery, even in our highest institutions of learning.

Is there to be no change?

Is this old world to roll on forever in this same way and the dawning of peace on earth and good-will to men and all God's lower creatures never to come?

We have faith to believe that the twentieth century will see a great change—that humane education will be carried into the colleges and schools of all civilized nations, and war and savagery will gradually vanish and an age of peace and good-will will eventually come.

In the meantime we propose while our earthly life lasts to do all in our power to aid its coming.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

REPEAT THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

England and Germany, it seems, are just entering upon another era of shipbuilding. And the ships are not of the type which belong to the "merchant marine." They are to be war vessels of the modern type, up-to-date in every infernal invention and appliance for destroying each other. Germany having mapped out a plan extending over eleven years, England has decided to build two to Germany's one. These are to be of the Dreadnought type and will cost, it is estimated, about ten millions each. There are to be some thirty of these monsters, at a total cost of \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000. By the time Germany has reached the end of her program, the first ships will have become obsolete, and she will have to build others to take their places.

And there we are, gentlemen, and also ladies, of the twentieth century! Whoever is master of the seas to-day is master of the world. England cannot afford to lose her prestige or to be outclassed on the seas. Germany is jealous of England's sea power and of her supremacy in Europe and will strive to equal England in naval strength.

We might look upon these titanic preparations for war with indifference and complacency but for the fact that the United States has been drawn into the current. Formerly, under Washington's advice and Monroe's doctrine, we simply stood aloof and said to Europe, "Hands off of us!" But under changed circumstances and the ambition to become a world power, and the leader at that, we are drifting into the maelstrom and may take the lead in war preparations.

According to the House Committee on Appropriations the United States exceeded European nations as follows in war preparations during the last fiscal year:

\$84,975,238 more than England.
\$136,067,838 more than Germany.
\$152,859,936 more than France.

Ergo, the United States Government, at the close of the fiscal year, showed a deficit of \$60,000,000, while at the 1907 showing there was a surplus of \$84,000,000.

The *News* repeats here the view, frequently expressed, that science and invention will make war so destructive that nations cannot engage in it without annihilating or at least ruining each other. Bulwer anticipated all this in his "Coming Man" by "inventing" Vril, a force much more subtle and destructive than electricity, and which could be evoked and directed by the individual.

From this viewpoint we might encourage the construction of these titanic war ships and typhonic navies, thus making war so exhausting and destructive that not even

the greatest nations could engage in it without suicide. In short, kill war itself by war preparations.

There is, however, a better way. War belongs to the old regime, the old dispensation, the old eras and cycles. It is essentially unchristian and unspiritual, and the leading Christian nations can and should end it by a peace alliance. For this reason, *The News* has joined in urging the Anglo-Saxon alliance. When the English-speaking nations say "no more war," the Teutons and the Latins will soon join in the new "war cry" for Peace.

The Latins have taken the lead of the world in erecting the divinest and the humanest statue ever raised on the earth, and have named it the "Christ of the Andes." Let the Christian nations erect in every one of their great harbors a colossal statue, greater than Bartholdi's "Liberty Enlightening the World," of the Christ of the Nations proclaiming, "Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men!"

—*Los Angeles News, Oct. 17.*

BUY A POCKET COMPASS.

As the season of snow blizzards in some parts of our country is now approaching, we suggest to all residing in those sections that the buying of a little pocket compass may save lives.

We have carried one in our pocket for, it may be, forty years, and it has been worth to us more than a hundred times its weight in gold, when lost on a prairie in Minnesota, and down in the woods of Florida, and in finding our way over the cities of a large part of Europe, and in getting sunny rooms at hotels instead of northern ones where the sun never shone. If we had space we could relate some of our funny experiences with this little compass. Some years ago a teacher in one of our extreme western States saved the lives of her children by tying them together and successfully escaping a terrible blizzard. At that time we sent her a gold compass for future use, and through our Boston dailies and our own little paper suggested that all who were liable to be caught in blizzards should carry constantly this little guide to tell them the path of safety.

We now suggest that a pocket compass might prove a very valuable Christmas present.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A PRAYER.

At night when you kneel
By your bedside to pray,
Remember the helpless
Dumb creatures, and say:—
O Lord! with Thy loving
Kindness bestow mercy
On animals, here below.
Keep and protect them
From those who would slay
And the cruel who torture
Them, day after day.
Lord, guide these men
And lead them aright,
They're groping in darkness
And far from Thy light;
Oh, teach them that mercy
Is above earthly name,
And to cease taking lives
In self-seeking fame.
Oh, Thou, who was nailed
To the cross and slain,
Dost bitterly know the
Suffering and pain, of
The helpless and dumb
Which are Thine from birth,
Placed in our care for
Thy purpose on earth.
And now, I beseech Thee,
O Lord, once again to
Protect Thy poor creatures,
For Christ's sake. Amen!

MARY D. HEDDEN

"Blessed are the Merciful."

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

We are glad to see that New York City has now a direct, high-pressure fire system of water, of which an almost unlimited supply can be thrown at one time through thirty-two three-inch pipes; some of the streams reaching higher than the roofs of fourteen-story buildings. Now that is precisely what we want in Boston, and the sooner we get it the better. We have a strong belief that a fire on a windy night (either incendiary or accidental) in several down town localities where we have high buildings and narrow streets, might burn up innumerable millions of dollars, enough to endanger large numbers not only of our great financial companies but of a very good share of our savings banks.

Many years ago one of the keenest financial men in Boston advised us to invest our savings in a solid Franklin Street store, giving a mortgage to cover what we could not pay for; if we had done this, we should have lost in the great Boston fire about all our property and have been unable to give twenty years of our life to humane work without pecuniary compensation.

Some time after our organization of the Illinois Humane Society at Chicago, its secretary wrote us substantially that the interest in the Society seemed to be dying out, and we answered the secretary: "If all the work that I have done in your city and money I have personally expended there is going to be lost, if some great judgment don't come on your city there is no such thing as justice." It was but a few months, perhaps weeks, after this that a cow kicked over a kerosene lamp and burned about half of Chicago to the ground.

Our American Humane Education Society is working not alone for the prevention of cruelty, but for the protection of property and life. For that we have formed over seventy thousand Bands of Mercy over our country and elsewhere. For that we have warned, in the daily papers of Boston, all who have read the warning that men should be employed on automobiles in times of long drought without rain, to watch our woods and prevent their being set on fire by boys after nuts, hunters after game, sparks from locomotives and incendiary fires. And now we want to warn in this paper, which goes to every clergyman, lawyer, doctor, bank president, cashier, and a multitude of others in our city, that Boston is in danger of a great fire on some windy night which may destroy innumerable millions of property and bring sorrow and want into many homes. And that, for the prevention of this, we want exactly the same wise protection which the City of New York has now obtained.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE BATTLESHIP NORTH DAKOTA.

In the *Boston Herald*, of November 8, we find that the battleship North Dakota, now being built at Quincy near Boston, is to cost about nine millions of dollars. The guns on the vessel are to cost about seven hundred and ninety thousand dollars. One broadside of her guns will cost about seventeen thousand dollars. After two hours of continuous firing, her guns will be worn out and useless. Shooting in concert, it is estimated it will cost about twenty-five thousand dollars a minute to feed her guns; and it will require nine hundred officers and men to man the vessel.

To the above we add that one explosion of the machinery, or one submarine torpedo boat, or one mistake in avoiding a rocky ledge or iceberg, may send the whole concern to the bottom, or one mistake similar to that of three of our men-of-war which, in sailing out of New York harbor on a perfectly fair, clear Sunday, ran onto a mud bank, would very likely cost millions of dollars or perhaps the destruction of the vessel.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"I would not give much for that man's religion," said Sir Arthur Helps, "whose cat and dog are not better for it."

PLEASE
BLANKET YOUR HORSES
WHILE STOPPING
MASS. SOC. P. C. TO ANIMALS



OLDEST CHIME OF BELLS.

The oldest chime of bells in America is the chime of eight on *Christ Church, Salem Street, Boston*. They were brought from England in 1744.

KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE MAINE WOODS.

In our daily paper of November 2 we find that in the *first month's* hunting in the Maine woods nine people have been killed and seven wounded. If Roosevelt's idea of setting all the schoolboys in America at shooting army rifles should be carried out we think, in country towns, not only multitudes of animals but large numbers of human beings would be shot.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

POLICE DOGS CATCH THIEVES. Animals Astonish Trainer by Rounding Up a Band of Plunderers.

Brussels, Oct. 9.—A remarkable exploit which has just been accomplished by dogs belonging to the Brussels detective service indicates the valuable services these animals may render.

Six of the dogs were taken to Cambre Wood, under the direction of their trainer, M. Libbrecht, to be exercised in tracking and exploring, when one of the animals, named Bull, suddenly showed signs of excitement and obstinately refused to follow his companions. So impressed was M. Libbrecht by Bull's persistence that he allowed the dog to have his way.

Bull immediately disappeared in a clump of trees, followed by four of his companions, the sixth dog remaining with the trainer. Immediately afterwards the sound of furious barking led M. Libbrecht to rejoin his dogs and he was surprised to find that Bull had disturbed a band of robbers whom he had discovered in the act of sharing their plunder. Each of the dogs had selected a victim and held him by the calf.

So determined was the animals' attack that the whole band surrendered ingloriously, and were escorted to the police station in triumph, the dogs with wagging tails trotting gayly at the side of their captives.



GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT

FROM "HEROES, GREATHEARTS AND THEIR ANIMAL FRIENDS."
Published by Fairfax Publishing Co., 80 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

UNITED PRAYERS FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

In England they have a society specially organized for Christian men and women to pray the Lord that he will move the hearts of human beings to give greater kindness to the dumb creatures that depend on our mercy. And we have a very strong appeal, from an American writer, that we will endeavor to bring about in all churches, both Catholic and Protestant, an arrangement that once a year or oftener Protestant prayers or Catholic masses shall be offered for the above object.

We shall be glad to receive letters from clergymen and others in regard to this matter.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FATHER HASKINS, FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

Father Haskins of the House of the Angel Guardian, who was many years ago a law client of ours, told us one day an interesting story. He was stopping at a little Italian inn just outside of Rome, when a woman came by driving a donkey loaded on each side with panniers of eggs to be sold in Rome. The donkey had been in the habit of stopping at the inn for refreshments but this day the woman, being late, concluded not to stop. To this the donkey objected and refused to go on. Then she commenced beating him with a club, the result of which was, the donkey laid down in the road, rolled over, and smashed all the eggs on one side, then rolled over again and smashed all the eggs on the other side, so neither the woman or the donkey went to Rome that day.

Father Haskins thought that was a fine evidence of donkey intelligence.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS.

In 1873 all our mails were carried to and from the depots in ordinary open job wagons with as little care as though they were of no value. I had seen a driver leave his wagon half full of mail bags, with nobody to watch them, while he went into the depot to get other bags. I had seen in the driving of one of these wagons a mail bag tumble off into the street, attracting no attention of the driver until somebody called to him. I went to writing the newspapers about it and had a talk with my friend General Burt, our Boston postmaster, and it resulted in the covered and guarded wagons now used, similar to those I had seen in London.

Another thing: When the new State's prison was built at Concord it was decided to sell the old prison at Charlestown, which was widely advertised for sale. I wrote the newspapers and the Governor, showing the folly of such a sale, and the advertisements were taken out and the old prison retained and the State of Massachusetts saved perhaps half a million and perhaps a million dollars which it would have cost to have built a new prison for the more dangerous criminals, where in any emergency police help could be called.

Another: After the Mayor of Boston had granted me seventeen policemen for three weeks to canvass the whole city for funds to start a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, some objection was made and he wrote me he was in danger of a vote of censure. I replied that on one minute's notice I would come and show the aldermen that one of the principal objects in obtaining funds was to secure the better transportation of animals and more humane methods of slaughtering and so greatly benefit the public health. At that time the slaughterhouses of Brighton were horrible both in smells and the methods of slaughtering animals, so in the first number of my paper (*Our Dumb Animals*), first of its kind in the world, and of which I printed two hundred thousand copies, I exposed the abominations of these Brighton slaughterhouses and gave an account, in contrast, of the fine abattoir at Paris, and so the slaughterhouses were abandoned and the Brighton abattoir took their place.

Another: In the beginning of my crusade against our poisonous and dangerous foods, I found that a great mercantile firm of New York City had established a factory employing, I think, some hundreds of hands for the manufacture of *marbleized iron cooking and other wares which were full of soluble lead* and that they were being used even by our hospitals in cooking foods for the sick and that no man, either chemist or other, dared to say one word against this great mercantile firm. Threatened with a suit for a hundred thousand dollars, I attacked it in every Boston daily paper, of which I sent copies widely over our country, and compelled the firm to close their factory, discharge their hands, and offer to take back the wares they had sold.

These are only four of many pleasant recollections which come to me when I look over my daily diaries, which I have kept during the past fifty-eight years.

The whole crusade against poisonous and adulterated foods, drinks, and medicines, which I carried on during several years, was full of dramatic incidents which I now remember with pleasure. At one time the grocers' paper suggested a great meeting in Faneuil Hall to vindicate the mercantile reputation of the city, to which I replied that if they would get up such a meeting I would give twenty-five dollars for the privilege of addressing it, but before I got through with the crusade I received an unanimous vote of thanks from the Boston Board of Trade and was called upon by leading grocers to help them get a law against adulterations because, as they said, unless something could be done to stop them no honest man could remain in the business.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF APPENDICITIS?

Over twenty years ago, as many of our readers will remember, we gave a good deal of money and a great deal of time to investigating the enormous adulterations in this country of foods, drinks, and medicines. During ten consecutive days we filled columns of the *Boston Herald* with the evidence we had gathered. This evidence we carried to the convention of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga, to all the daily papers at Chicago, and finally to Washington, D. C., where we spent a winter in getting congressional action on the subject and in organizing the Washington Humane Society. People who have read the congressional report we obtained, or our "Autobiographical Sketches," will get some idea not only of the possible cause of appendicitis, but also the causes of ten thousand other cases of sickness with which our American people are afflicted. It would require a volume to properly put this matter before our readers, any one of whom may get some idea of it by sending for a copy of our "Autobiographical Sketches" which I shall order sent to all applicants, postpaid. The evidence I gathered was astounding and overwhelming. If Mr. Rockefeller, who has given millions of dollars to be used in vivisection of horses, dogs, cats, monkeys, and other animals, would give other millions to establish a great chemical laboratory where fifty or a hundred men would be constantly employed in analyzing the adulterations of foods, drinks, and medicines, and sending out once a month, as we send *Our Dumb Animals*, to about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines, the discoveries obtained, the whole country would be aroused to action and he would receive the thanks of all honest men from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM A CHRISTMAS SERMON OF REV. DR. TALMAGE.

"Behold in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel. *Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation?* Was it not appropriate that He should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts whose moan and plaint have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely 'happen so' that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood. *Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a robbed bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on tow path, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beesves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable, surrounded by brutes.* He remembers that night, and the prayer He heard in their pitiful moan *He will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat them.*"

* * * * *

"Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, *Look out how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that*

canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat, or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle and under her wing there may be three or four prima donnas of the sky in training. And in your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown."

SANTA CLAUS ON THE TRAIN.

On a Christmas eve an emigrant train
Sped on through the blackness of night,
And cleft the pitchy dark in twain
With the gleam of its fierce headlight.
In a crowded car, a noisome place,
Sat a mother and her child;
The woman's face bore wan's wan trace,
But the little one only smiled,
And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress,
And her voice had a merry ring,
As she lisped, "Now, mamma, come and guess
What Santa Claus'll bring."
But sadly the mother shook her head,
As she thought of a happier past;
"He never can catch us here," she said,
"The train is going too fast."
"O, mamma, yes, he'll come, I say,
So swift are his little deer,
They runs all over the world to-day,—
I'll hang my stocking up here."
She pinned her stocking to the seat,
And closed her tired eyes,
And soon she saw each longed-for sweet
In dreamland's paradise.
On a seat behind the little maid
A rough man sat apart,
But a soft light o'er his features played,
And stole into his heart.
As the cars drew up at a busy town
The rough man left the train,
But scarce had from the steps jumped down,
Ere he was back again.
And a great big bundle of Christmas joys
Bulged out from his pocket wide;
He filled the stocking with sweets, and toys
He laid by the dreamer's side.
At dawn the little one woke with a shout,
'Twas sweet to hear her glee;
"I knowed that Santa would find me out;
He caught the train, you see."
Though some from smiling may scarce refrain,
The child was surely right,
The good Saint Nicholas caught the train,
And came aboard that night.
For the saint is fond of masquerade
And may fool the old and wise,
And so he came to the little maid
In an emigrant's disguise.
And he dresses in many ways because
He wishes no one to know him,
For he never says, "I am Santa Claus,"
But his good deeds always show him.

HENRY C. WALSH.

FROM ONE OF BOSTON'S MOST PROMINENT CITIZENS.

My dear Mr. Angell:

I wish you would call the particular attention of your readers at this season to the books issued by your "American Humane Education Society": "*Black Beauty*," "*The Strike at Shane's*," "*Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst*," "*Some of New York's 400*," "*For Pity's Sake*," and your "*Autobiography*."

They have been spoken of by many of my friends who have read them as being books of great interest which ought to be read by every one, old and young. I think no better Christmas presents can be given the young than either or all of these books, and the prices, as appear in your columns, are very small.

THE ARAB TO HIS FAVORITE STEED.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed;
I may not mount on thee again,—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof,—snuff not the breezy wind,—
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein,—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam.
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and feed prepare;
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care!
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were wont to be;
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's house,—from all of these my exiled one must fly;
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright;—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel,—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely, then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side;
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each starting vein.
Will they ill-use? If I thought—but no, it cannot be,—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free;
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart shall yearn,—
Can the hand which casts thee from it now command thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wast all his joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears;
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary steps alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fevered dream is o'er.—
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful!—for hunger's power is strong,—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.



From *Animals' Friend*, London.

Who said I have given thee up? who said that thou wast sold?

'Tis false,—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!

Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;

Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains. CAROLINE E. NORTON.

CAVALRY HORSES.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out he will tremble and sweat and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst, and have done with it as soon as possible. A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six, when struck with a bullet, are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg, or foot, or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell, a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but hobbles out of the fight to right or left, and stands with drooping head until the loss of blood brings him down. The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field. In his racing about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them, if possible, and in any case, leap over them. When he has come upon three or four other riderless steeds they fall in and keep together as if for mutual protection, and the "rally" of the bugle may bring the whole of them into ranks in a body.—*Buffalo Horse World*.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

FROM ANGELL'S LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

There are certain things which all boys and girls should remember:

1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.
2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.
3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.
4. That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.
5. That earth worms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.
6. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.
7. That it is kind to feed the birds in winter.
8. That bits should never be put in horses' mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.
9. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.
10. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered, and in cold weather that his blanket is properly put on.
11. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight checkrein.
12. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.
13. That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, December, 1908.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for *gratis* distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty-two thousand, five hundred newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Richmond 572; or our Mass. Society, Main 1226.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIBERS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month two hundred and thirteen new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-three thousand three hundred and thirty.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller numbers than five.

THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

At the November meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held this morning, President Angell reported that the prosecuting agents of the Massachusetts Society, in their investigation of complaints during the month, examined five thousand one hundred and thirteen animals, took one hundred and one horses from work, and mercifully killed two hundred and thirty-four horses and other animals.

Two hundred and thirteen new Bands of Mercy have been formed during the month, making a total of seventy-three thousand three hundred and thirty.

Boston, November 18, 1908.

THE DRAMA OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

The play of "Black Beauty," as we have said before, is now on its fall and winter campaign, having already been presented in Newport and various other cities before large audiences.

The kind notices, which come to us from the press, of the play and for our agency in obtaining its production, are enough to make anybody happy. We have said before the presidency to which we have been elected by forty-one unanimous elections is more desirable to us than the presidency of the United States, and there is hardly a day that does not bring to our table letters and editorials fully confirming our opinion.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:
For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.

For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson, Worcester, 142 June Street. Tel. 288-3.

For Southeastern Massachusetts—Henry A. Perry, Mansfield.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—James R. Hathaway, Special Agent; Thomas Langlan, Charles F. Clark, George W. Splaine, Frank G. Phillips, Joseph M. Russell, Harry L. Allen; Emergency Agent, Geo. Albert Grant—all at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts-cities and towns who render us more or less service.

NO SOCIETY IN THE WORLD.

No society in the world exhibits more of the spirit of Christianity than "The American Humane Education Society." Its organ, *Our Dumb Animals*, is always full of good things—beautiful pictures and interesting anecdotes of animals—and in merciless scoring of cruelty in every form.

The society has been the means of establishing over seventy-three thousand Bands of Mercy, with between two and three millions members. It has put into circulation over three millions copies of "Black Beauty" in the English language, besides its translations into eight European and three Asiatic languages. Its other prize stories, "The Strike at Shane's" and "Hollyhurst," etc., etc., are almost as popular, the last edition of "The Strike" having been 50,000 copies.

Subscribe for *Our Dumb Animals* for the children—the old folks will read it too, you may be sure.—Ypsilantian, Ypsilanti, Mich.

ASKING THE APOSTLE PAUL TO JOIN THE CHURCH.

Vice-President Hill hands us a request from a Pennsylvania Audubon Society, asking us to sign a pledge never to purchase or use the feathers of wild birds for ornamentation, etc., etc. Vice-President Hill remarks with a smile that it strikes him like asking the Apostle Paul to join the church.

A KIND LADY.

A kind lady, deeply interested in our humane work, writes us in strong opposition to the uniting of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children with societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and this is one of the things she says: "I heartily oppose the union of the societies, for they are soon liable to be called upon to use their money in prosecuting bad fathers and mothers, providing for destitute children, etc., etc., all of which are good objects, but where do the animals come in?"

As our readers know, we personally have no doubt that the prevention of cruelty to animals is a subject so enormous as to require all the energy and money their friends can give to it.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS.

In behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I hereby offer five dollars to any person knowing of cruelty to any horse in Massachusetts who will give us *in court* the evidence necessary to convict; also for similar evidence *in court* to enable us to convict any person of cruelty to any other domestic animal in Massachusetts, I offer a prize of not less than two dollars.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

One of Boston's oldest and most eminent physicians, and an official visitor to Harvard University, tells me that he never saw a case of hydrophobia himself, and never knew any physician who ever saw one.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

[From *The West Coast and Puget Sound Lumberman*, Tacoma.]

"A newspaper man has so much to read and review that he grows sick often at the sight of a paper. But he has his favorites among his exchanges that come to him week in and out, and as he digs them out of the pile he feels a sense of pleasure. Occasionally there comes to the office of the *Lumberman* a little sixteen page paper, that has nothing to do with any trade or business save only the business of mercy and peace. Mercy for beasts and peace for men. It is edited by an old man, and even a friend can see a little egotism cropping out here and there, but that is only a little bit of harmless undertow over which moves the great ocean of good will. It is full of candor, defiant of evil, challenging cruelty, defending right and opposing wars. It is the patron saint of dumb brutes and fights for them continually. It should be in every household; children should read it, and the older ones should not overlook it. It is called *Our Dumb Animals*."

It is one of the pleasures of living—the kind words we hear and that come to us, and we don't mind one bit being called old or egotistical. We shall never forget in this world—perhaps not in the next—how the last time we saw John Boyle O'Reilly [whose monument now stands in our city] as he took from his desk our Autobiographical Recollections and said: "There, Angell, I keep that book on my desk and when I have a little leisure I like to take it up and read it."

Probably more than two hundred thousand copies of this book have been already sent out and any editor who would like to examine it can, by writing us, obtain without charge a *postpaid copy*. Its wide circulation has greatly aided the extension of our work.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over seventy-three thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



"Tu-whit, tu-whoo,
A Merry Christmas to you."

WHAT SANTA CLAUS DID FOR THE ANIMALS.

A Christmas Story.

[For Our Dumb Animals, by Charlotte Curtis Smith, of Rochester, N. Y.]

The midnight bells were ringing. Santa Claus was driving posthaste through the streets. There were many people passing to and fro, but no one saw him. Large feathery snowflakes obscured his sleigh, and his eight reindeer were speeding along as silently as fell the snowflakes. There were no dolls or skates or sleds or toys of any kind in his sleigh, because he had just finished filling the children's stockings.

Now he had other work to do. So he gave a low whistle to his reindeer, and guided them down a narrow street to a stable. The hostlers were asleep. Santa Claus glided past them into the stalls and quickly lengthened the halters of the horses so that they could lie down and rest their tired legs. Hastening from stable to stable he went to the harness-rooms and let out the checkreins, and took away some of the cruel bits, leaving other bits in their place. He put sugar and apples into the mangers, and he gave a double quantity of apples to the docked horses, at the same time saying: "Poor creatures, I'm going to put a stop to this cruel business of cutting off your beautiful tails."

Then, jumping into his sleigh, he drove to another part of the city, where he found lame and sick horses. Taking off his fur mittens he rubbed the poor animals' stiff and aching legs with liniment, and filled the empty mangers with hay and oats, and in a jiffy he mended all the loose blinders he could find. In an old tumble-down shed he spied a galled mule shivering with the cold. Quick as a flash Santa Claus put a blanket on the half-frozen animal, gave it a bundle of hay, and nailed boards over the holes in the shed.

As this good-hearted friend rode from place to place he threw a blanket over every horse that stood exposed to the snow storm in the

streets, and he threw food to all the stray cats and dogs.

In every house he gave seed and water to the neglected canaries and fresh water to the goldfishes.

The sparrows roosting under the eaves of the buildings, and the pigeons and doves in the church towers took their heads from under their wings and saw this merry old elf flying through the air as he threw a shower of grain to the birds, and in the twinkling of an eye was out of sight.

Then on he fled to the country farmyards where he surprised the sleeping horses with apples and sugar, and the cattle and sheep with chopped pumpkins and a supply of rock salt. To the pigs he gave long ears of yellow corn, and he flung a shower of grain to the hens, ducks, turkeys, geese and guinea-fowls.

Having finished his Christmas round with the domestic animals, Santa gave a long, shrill whistle, and away he sped to the woods, where he found the owls wide awake, watching for him.

"Merry Christmas, my wise friends," cried Santa, tossing packages of meat up into the trees.

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo, a merry Christmas to you," sang back the owls from far and near.

Santa had been very shy while in the city and around the farmyards, but when he reached the woods he felt perfectly at home. There many animals were waiting for him. The woods were all aglare with bright eyes, watching for the jolly little man and his reindeer. There was a rustling of little feet, and suddenly a troop of rabbits and woodchucks appeared close up to Santa Claus' sleigh, standing on their hind legs to receive heads of cabbage and celery. The squirrels and chipmunks were fast asleep, the weather being too cold for them to be out of their nests; but kind old Santa dropped nuts into the hollow trees, a happy surprise for the little animals.

All the birds were ready for their Christmas dinner, nor did Santa Claus even forget the wild bees. They all wished Santa Claus a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on purple velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—Boston Courier.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

OUR CREED and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle flags, its badges, and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 50 cents at office, or 60 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, new edition, illustrated, \$1.25, postpaid; smaller edition, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed; cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. All editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

LYDDITE SHELLS.

In an article which comes to our table this morning we find that the Lyddite shells, which were largely used by the English in their South African War, will break into about twelve hundred pieces and, falling into a compact body of soldiers, it is estimated that one of them will kill about three hundred men. It seems but a few years since our government was threatening to go to war with Great Britain on account of the boundary of a strip of wild land in Venezuela and General Flagler (head of the United States Artillery) advised us to blow up the Welland Canal, and the general in command of the New York militia announced his readiness to march at once to kill our brother Christians who were so unfortunate as to live on the other side of the Canadian line. If the British Government had not shown at that time vastly more common sense than ours, we should have had British fleets with plenty of these beautiful shells off our then unfortified cities, and have found out sooner [what some of us are now beginning to find out], that General Sherman was right when he said, "War is hell"—hell to the dumb animals whom it is our duty to try to protect, as well as to human beings.

We offered, for our American Humane Education Society, a prize of either two or three hundred dollars for the best plan of settling the difficulty without getting into a war with Great Britain, and out of a wide competition, Dr. Hamilton, now President of Tufts College, won the prize.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE.

Ellis, Kan., Oct. 20.—The timely intervention of a physician, who was not satisfied with the appearance of the body, to-day prevented the burial alive of Mrs. Thomas Chapman, sixty, who was supposed to have died suddenly of heart disease on Saturday.

The body was prepared for burial, but was not embalmed. The funeral was to have taken place at 2.30 this afternoon.

A few minutes before the coffin was sealed a physician requested permission to see the body. After he had confirmed his suspicions that the woman's body was made rigid by suspended animation, he had her removed from the coffin, placed in bed, and revived.

While her heart is weak it is believed Mrs. Chapman will recover.—Boston Post, Oct. 21, 1908.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above-named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK you do?

ANSWER. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably OVER SIXTY MILLIONS of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

(1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.

(2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight checkreins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS:

(1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanised iron pipes.

(3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

Send for prize essays published by our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier,

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

PET OF THE FAMILY.

She races round in playful grace,
Pet of the family,
And nestles close in our embrace
Though not of high degree,
And should she climb one's shoulder,
Or sleep upon a mat,
We do so love to fold her,
Our sportive little cat.

She's not a pure Angora,
A coon or Persian cat,
From Isle of Man or Malta,
What do we care for that?
We took her in from pity
When scarcely she could stand,
A poor lost wand'ring kittie,
No bigger than your hand.

Our love is not of station,
And all for high degree,
Not for some grand relation
With boasted pedigree;
And when she runs to meet us
As we each homeward come,
Purring with joy to greet us,
Our home seems doubly home.

EMMA E. HORNIBROOK.

A MALTESE.

A little girl of old New York descent, in whose presence the family glories were often talked about, was overheard lately rebuking her pet kitten. Holding pussy by her fore-paws, and looking her full in the face, she remarked: "I'm ashamed of you, Kitty, for being so naughty, and just think, your grandmother was a Maltese!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

Life is not surprised to learn that Emma Eames is to sing for the Anti-Vivisection Society on November 10 at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Madame Eames has always been a good friend to animals. And the animals surely need friends in these days of promiscuous vivisection. All advocates of humanity and common sense should keep their weather eyes open—also their purses.

—*New York Life*, Oct. 27, 1908.

QUEER THINGS.

An Andover (Mass.) lady, who had read the article published in our October issue about queer things that have happened in our personal history, calls to tell us that on the day her little sister died of spinal meningitis a white robin flew in at the open window of her sister's chamber. Her mother says that in her whole lifetime she never saw but one other bird of the same kind. She also relates that when their dog Max was lying on the floor her mother agreed to present him to a friend visiting her from Windham, N. H., who was about to return; that Max a few minutes after got up and walked to the door and when it was opened walked out and was not seen again for about two days. A few months after, this same friend was visiting her, and she again, in the hearing of Max, proposed to present him to the lady and again Max disappeared for about two days, not returning until the lady had left for New Hampshire.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A VENEERED SAVAGE.

We see in our papers that the Kaiser in to-day's shooting killed 178 pheasants and 328 rabbits. Of course he had persons to load his guns and to drive these 178 pheasants and 328 rabbits where they could be readily shot. *How many he wounded and did not kill is not mentioned.* We do most sincerely wish that some of the monarchs and princes and princelings who are so fond of shooting God's harmless creatures for the fun of shooting them, would get together and shoot each other. A telegram to that effect would cause us to exclaim most earnestly: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."



A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

A GOOD LETTER.

Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union,
Boston, October 27, 1908.

Dear Mr. Angell:

Some of our Legions have given a copy of "Black Beauty" to each livery stable in their respective towns and in other practical ways are helping on your noble work. For years you have sent me *Our Dumb Animals* regularly. I want to thank you as I have before. It is always a delight to look through its attractive pages, and then it is passed on to delight others.

Respectfully,

(Mrs.) HELEN G. RICE,

State Secretary of Loyal Temperance Legions.

"I AM NOT INTERESTED IN ANIMALS."

Said a lady, whom we casually met at a hotel a few days since, "but I am interested in the society for the protection of children."

"A very good institution," we replied, "and we are glad to say that we have been for many years a life member of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

It had probably never occurred to this good lady that man is only one out of about three hundred and twenty thousand kinds of living creatures that God has created in this world of ours, and that in the city of Boston alone there are nearly two hundred charitable organizations supported by private benevolence for the protection of human beings. It seems to us a duty very clear to strive to secure a higher protection for the innumerable millions that cannot speak, and that nothing can be more important than the work of our "American Humane Education Society."

In an outburst of enthusiasm, a divinity student in a North Carolina college uttered this earnest prayer: "Give us all pure hearts; give us all brave hearts; give us all clean hearts; give us all sweet hearts!" To which the congregation responded: "Amen!"

CATS IN PERSIA.

Cats are held in great reverence in Persia. The Shah alone has fifty of them, and each one has an attendant of its own, with a special room for meals. When the Shah travels, the cats go also, being carried by men on horse-back.

SOFTLY THE NIGHT IS SLEEPING.

A Christmas Hymn.

Softly the night is sleeping
On Bethlehem's peaceful hill;
Silent the shepherds watching,
The gentle flocks are still.
But hark! the wondrous music
Falls from the opening sky;
Valley and cliff reecho
Glory to God on high!

Chorus—Glory to God, glory to God,
Glory to God! it rings again,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

Day in the East is breaking;

Day o'er the crimsoned earth;

Now the glad world is waking,
Glad in the Savior's birth!

See where the clear star bendeth
Over the manger blest;

See where the infant Jesus
Smiles upon Mary's breast!

Come with the gladsome shepherds,
Quick hastening from the fold;

Come with the wise men, pouring
Incense and myrrh and gold.

Come to Him, poor and lowly;
Around the cradle throng;

Come with your hearts of sunshine,
And sing the angels' song.

Weave ye the wreaths unfading,
The fir tree and the pine;

Green from the snows of winter,
To deck the holy shrine;

Bring ye the happy children!
For this is Christmas morn;

Jesus, the sinless infant,
Jesus, the Lord, is born.

THE HEROES OF PEACE.

Doctors and nurses who risk their lives in yellow fever hospitals; clergymen and Sisters of Mercy and Charity [both Catholic and Protestant] who risk their lives in sick chambers filled with the deadliest germs of disease, to carry comfort and consolation to the dying; mothers who die that their children may live; firemen who save lives from burning buildings; coastguards who save lives from wrecked vessels; locomotive engineers and steamboat officers and men who save the lives of their passengers, sometimes at the cost of their own; policemen who daily and nightly risk their lives in defence of the lives and property of their fellow-citizens.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MEDICAL EXPERIENCES.

Just as I was about to apply for admission to the Freshman class of Brown University and it seemed absolutely necessary that I should have two weeks for review of my studies, I was taken suddenly and so violently sick that I could not raise my head but a few inches from my pillow without falling back in a whirl of dizziness. The village doctor was called in and gave me medicine which had no effect. He came again in the afternoon and informed me that I had a slow fever and probably would not be able to study for a fortnight and then said he would call again in the morning. I thought for a moment and then told him I would send for him in the morning if I was no better. I then got a schoolmate to hunt up in my trunk a box of strong purgative pills, which my good mother had given me, and took a big dose of them. The next morning I went to the doctor's office and paid his bill, which I remember was a dollar and fifty cents.

After I had entered Brown University, I went down one day on a steamer from Providence to Newport. I was anxious to see everything on Narragansett Bay and exposed myself to a chilly wind and that night had a burning fever. I piled all the clothing of the two beds in my room on one and drank from the water pitcher until I could drink no longer. This brought on a great sweat. The next morning I was very weak, but the fever had gone.

When, after graduating from college, I came to Boston and began teaching school daytimes and studying law nights my eyes gave out. I called in the famous old Doctor Jeffries, supposed to know as much about the eyes as any oculist of his day. He put me [in the hot summer season] into almost total darkness, gave me drugs to deplete me, told me I must not even think, but make myself as nearly as possible a stick of wood, and he thought he would get me out in a fortnight. At the end of a fortnight I was worse, and he took another fortnight, and then said it would take six weeks more before he could bring me to the light. I thought and then told him that I was just out of college and was poor and in debt and had concluded to try being my own doctor. If I grew worse I could send for him. I commenced at once trying to bring my eyes to the light, and taking food to nourish me, and in about a week was able to get out of the house evenings and in about a fortnight went to my good mother's in Vermont, and saved my eyes from what might have resulted in total blindness.

A young friend of mine was sent down from Vermont to consult the two most eminent physicians in Boston; they decided that there was no cure for him. He began taking cod liver oil, went to Indianapolis, made a fortune, and, unless he has recently died, is now living at Roxbury Highlands and has a son who is a physician.

In my practice of law I was called in one day to a lady, said to be just at the point of death, for the purpose of having her execute important papers. This being done, I told her of the faith my good mother had in purgative medicines and how many of her friends, acting on her advice, had been relieved when their doctors failed to relieve them, and then said that as an experiment could make only a

few hours difference in her length of life, I should advise her to send her husband to a druggist for a box of strong, purgative pills and take a large dose of them. A few weeks afterwards she came to my office to thank me for having saved her life.

The Hon. Richard Fletcher, judge of our Supreme Judicial Court, with whom I was associated in law practice, was at one time severely attacked with piles and called in the two eminent Boston physicians who had examined the young man before referred to, and they decided there was no cure but surgery; the result being a long period of severe suffering. He was hardly back at his office before the disease attacked him again and the same doctors told him that there was no cure but another surgical operation. Just then a client, a Mr. Lilley, who kept an umbrella store on the corner of Cornhill and Court street, happened to drop in, and being told of the trouble sent the judge a bottle of some common herb preparation of fireweed which cured the judge at once. Most druggists keep this article.

Being troubled with summer complaint, I procured one day from old Deacon Hollis (a famous apothecary of the olden time on Union street) a bottle of Dr. Chapman's cholera and dysentery syrup, prepared by George Moore of Great Falls, New Hampshire, from a common country herb not dangerous to take. I have carried a bottle of that with me ever since and have found in every case where it has been tried (within my knowledge) it has given relief. Coming to Rye Beach, one night, I found a lady so dangerously ill that it was thought her life was in danger. My bottle settled the matter. She was on the high road to recovery in the morning. I have had several other similar cases.

My sixty-one days' crusade in addressing the public schools of Boston, in the cold winter of 1885-6, brought me a bronchial cold and bronchial asthma, which has kept me awake hundreds of nights and cost me thousands of dollars, and from which I finally got much relief through the inhaler of Dr. Nathan Tucker of Mount Gilead, Ohio, which is said to contain with other things a little cocaine, but which I have used certainly for about fifteen years without (so far as I am aware) any material injury.

Last summer [1907] I found it almost impossible to get sleep, and a lot of eminent physicians whom I consulted could give nothing to help me unless I took the strong sleeping medicines, which they advised me not to take. Then I went down to Marblehead and a Marblehead doctor, Herbert J. Hall, advised a quarter of a grain of codeine sulphate on retiring, which is almost or entirely harmless and which has helped me ever since.

I have been troubled for some years more or less with a gathering of phlegm in my throat while eating, or immediately after, and all the eminent doctors that I consulted could think of nothing to relieve me, but happening to fall in with my friend, Dr. Allan Mott Ring, of the Arlington, Massachusetts, Sanitarium, he suggested a mixture of equal parts of iodide of ammonia and carbonate of ammonia, triturated and put in a dry vial, or in hot, warm weather in liquid form, and it has given me considerable relief; a little of the dry or a teaspoonful or half teaspoonful of the liquid to be slowly swallowed when troubled.

Now as to how these experiences affect me: I look out to see that I am employing an honest doctor who will always tell me the truth. I then hold myself ready to gather from all doctors all the suggestions I can get, but adopt none of them until my honest, reliable doctor has pronounced them safe and worth trying. My honest, reliable doctor is determined on two things: first, not to kill me, and second, not to permit me to kill myself. He is fully aware that all the medical knowledge of the world is not held in his brain, and is perfectly willing to make new discoveries whenever and wherever he can. He is a young man now, but is going to make a big doctor one of these days unless all signs fail.

Doubtless many who read these experiences do not believe in strong, purgative medicines and may be interested in another matter which came to my knowledge some years ago. One of Boston's wealthiest citizens had an invalid daughter who frequently had severe and painful attacks. He determined to take her to Europe and when she was taken down sick in Paris sent for the Emperor's physician. This man gave an hour, perhaps more, to learn all the peculiarities of her troubles, then ordered that she should send to the market for a chicken, have one leg of the chicken boiled, and be given a tablespoonful as he directed. The next morning he called again and after an almost equally long visit, inquiring with the utmost care in regard to all her sensations, he ordered that the other leg of the chicken should be boiled with the same use as the day before. On the third morning the young lady was cured and when her father returned to Boston with her, her medical treatment was changed.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IMPORTANT TO SURGEONS AND LAWYERS.

In an English publication, which comes to my table, I find that under the practice in England (differing from our own) when a surgical operation is said to produce or accelerate the death of a patient a coroner is liable to be called upon and a jury summoned for judicial proceedings.

One of the most important cases I ever tried at the Suffolk Bar was in defence of a *then* young surgeon, Dr. William H. Thorndike, who was sued for five thousand dollars damages for performing an amputation. After a three days trial the jury rendered a verdict for the doctor, but knowing that in all such cases a wide public opinion would be that probably the doctor was to blame and that it might render immense discredit to the young man, I adopted a plan which my old partner thought had never been attempted before in Massachusetts and perhaps never has been since. I secured a letter signed by the twelve jurymen giving the doctor the highest praise, then secured a short letter from the opposing counsel in which they admitted that the verdict was correct. I then prepared a report of all the good work this young surgeon had done in the hospitals and elsewhere and had them all published in every daily paper in Boston, and instead of this law suit proving to be of great injury to the doctor it gave him a professional standing which he probably could not have obtained in many years of ordinary practice.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

EDITORS MAY SAVE LIVES.

The other evening a gentleman, standing in the aisle of one of our electric cars, was thrown off his balance by a sudden jerk, and to save himself thrust his hand through one of the car windows, in doing which an artery was cut, the floor was drenched with blood and he would have quickly bled to death but for a young man in the back of the car, who had been attending emergency lectures and who rushed forward and giving his handkerchief a tourniquet twist about the gentleman's arm above the cut, stopped the bleeding and so saved his life. If the editors of the about twenty thousand publications to which our paper goes every month will republish this it may be the means of saving, in railroad and other accidents, many lives.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We are glad to learn from Mrs. H. C. Reynolds, now at the Sandwich Islands, of the good work which is being done there in promoting the organization of Bands of Mercy in Honolulu, with a request that our American Humane Education Society will send humane literature which we are most glad to send.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DOGS UNDERSTAND OUR LANGUAGE.

219 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.,
Oct. 18, 1908.

Dear Mr. Angell:—A friend of mine and his wife in this city were sitting by the fire one chilly evening, their dog sprawled at their feet on the hearth. My friend said to his wife, "I guess I'll take our dog down in the lot and shoot him to-morrow, he is so old." A few moments later he went to the door to look out, and the dog skipped out and has never been seen since.

Very truly yours,

G. H. CURTIS.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A FACT.

One evening during the month of August, at about eleven o'clock, the following transaction was witnessed by Mr. Otis Tyler, of Salem, Mass.: An intoxicated young man was passing down Essex street, accompanied by his dog. A policeman took cognizance of his condition, but disliked to arrest him, thinking he would go quietly home; and, being personally acquainted with Mr. Tyler, asked him to look after this patron of the saloon. Turning into St. Peters street the young man lost his hat, and it fell, crown uppermost, on the pavement. He attempted to pick it up, but was unsuccessful, and only lurched into the middle of the street. Recovering himself he made a second attempt, which terminated in bringing him up against a neighboring building, still hatless. Then he gave up the attempt to recover his property, and proceeded bareheaded down St. Peters street. His dog, whose intelligent sympathy was worthy of a better object, attempted to pick up the hat by the crown, but could not close his jaws over its edge. Then he pushed the hat off the curbstone until he could take its rim into his mouth, when he picked it up and trotted on after his intoxicated master. By this time the latter had staggered against a building opposite the jail, where he remained in a leaning posture. His dog approached, and, squatting on his haunches directly before him, held up the hat as high as he could. The young man reached after it, but evidently feared to lean forward far enough to grasp the hat. At this juncture Mr. Tyler approached, assisted the young man to his hat, and saw him home in company with his dog.

DOG GIVES HIS LIFE FOR A BOY.

Quinton, Va.—A few miles from this place is a family—father, mother and six children, all of whom owe their happiness to a faithful dog.

While the little four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McAlister was out Saturday looking for flowers and strawberries, followed by a faithful setter, the little boy fell into a stream of water and would have been drowned but for the faithful dog's seeing the child struggling.

The dog soon had hold of the waist of the little boy and swam ashore. Then the dog ran home wet and foaming at the mouth. It ran to its mistress and began to pull her dress. Her screams brought the husband, who, seeing the actions of the dog, thought it had hydrophobia.

The dog was struck over the head with a club and left for dead. Then came thoughts of the absent child. All went to look for the son. Over a half a mile from home they heard the cries of the lost child as it called for his mamma.

When the grief-stricken parents got to the child there was poor Leo, the faithful setter, by the side of the little boy. Though dead, his teeth were clinched to the dress of the child, thus keeping it from the water, while the blood from the wound of the faithful dog bespattered the dress of the child.

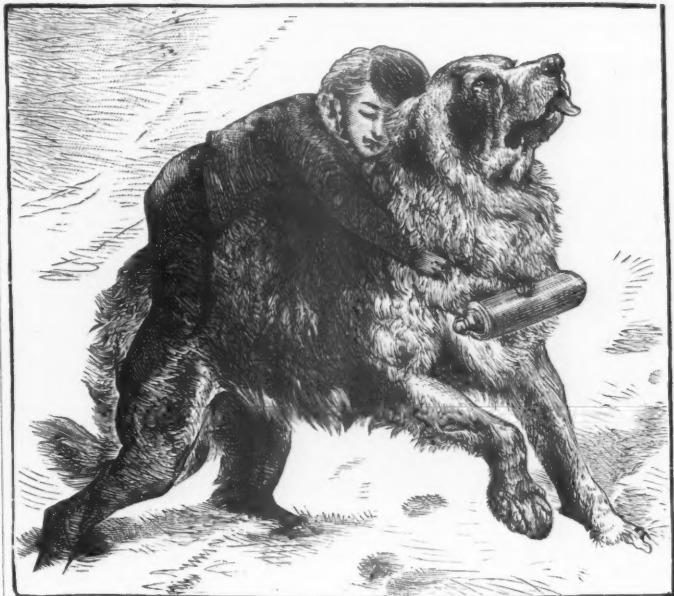
—Lynn Evening News.

When is the doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

DOG'S HOWLING SAVED LIVES.

Luther Cook of Benson, Vt., was awakened between twelve and one o'clock last Monday night by the howling of his dog. On getting up to investigate, he found the woodshed afire. The door from it into the kitchen fell in as he went toward it and the flames swept across the kitchen. Mr. Cook aroused his wife, and they made their way out through the kitchen, being scorched by the fire, and having no time to save any of their property.

—Richford (Vermont) Gazette.



DOG OF THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

HOW A DOG WAS SOLD.

Here is a true dog story: A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it to give it the effect of fire. One of the coldest days the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deliberately walked up to it and laid down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few moments; feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat he went across and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying, "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched his actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortunes. That dog had reason as well as instinct.—Troy Times.

THE GREAT SNOWY OWL.

The winter or late autumn brings, at times, a visitor from the far north, the great snowy owl, *nyctea nivea*. I came upon him the other day crouched in the long, dead grass, which whistled in the cold wind, while the snow squalls swept along the far horizon. He turned his great black eyes on me for a moment and took wing. No bird that I ever saw had such motive power; the first flap of his broad wings sends him far forward or upward. He bounds up and scoops down, turning in any direction with all the ease and lightness of the swallow. A few seconds and his great bulk is a speck at the horizon, a moment more and he has vanished, while you still stand gazing in wonder at his grace and speed and power. He certainly has small reason to forego his southern trip; when the arctic winter comes on breadths of latitude can be nothing to him. A few days, or a fortnight at most, will allow him to pass over the stretch that separates his arctic home from us, and still give him time to stop for rest and feeding by the way. His natural vigor and power of wing is so great that the severe cold of the subpolar regions, and the passage of the great distance that separates it from us, are both sustained with ease, evidently, by this magnificent bird.

—Vick's Magazine.

HE SAVED THEM.

The schooner went ashore off San Buenaventura, Cal., the other day, and the crew were in danger of being lost. They owe their safety to a fine red Irish setter that swam out through the breakers, seized a stake that had been thrown overboard with a rope attached, and succeeded in carrying it to the shore.

—New York Sun.

IN THE VERMONT WOODS.

My dear Mr. Angell:

You would perhaps be interested to receive this little story of a humane act which is written by one of the admirers of your great and good work, and an interested young reader of your monthly paper.

At our summer cabin in the woods of Vermont we used to have an outdoor kitchen where we kept our provisions, and did our cooking.

Early one cold morning my father arose and went to the kitchen. As he entered he heard a funny noise like "plop, plop." Looking around to find the cause of the noise, he discovered that there was some little animal in a pail of sour milk which we had left standing over night. On reaching in, he pulled out a poor little half-frozen wood-mouse. He then proceeded to wash the little fellow.

Most people think that common mice are very disagreeable. This one was altogether different from the ordinary mouse. It had soft, furry fawn-colored skin, with pretty little ears and bright eyes, and was of a species called *deer-mice*. Father, after washing the milk off, found a piece of bark, and, placing the mouse on it, put it in the warm oven.

As he stood watching the little creature, it began to revive, and, using its little paws, it cleared out its eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Before long the mouse was thoroughly warmed up. After setting it in the sun for a short while, father took the mouse way up into the woods and put it down, and it ran gaily away.

This is one of the many times that we had a chance to study the delightful little wood-folk.

With best wishes, I remain,

Your friend,

DOROTHY G. CONKLIN.

Brookline, Mass., Oct. 25, 1908.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

| | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|---|
| 73060 Plymouth, Mass. Cornish School Bands. Div. 4. P., C. E. Campbell. | 73093 Clearfield, Iowa. Sunshine Band. P., Miss Elma C. Steele. | 73121 Franklin, Pa. Elma Preston Band. P., Miss Florence Heckard. | 73153 Div. 4. P., E. M. Prentiss. | 73190 Gov. Bradford School Bands. Div. 1. P., Helen Nickerson. |
| 73061 Div. 5. P., H. J. Johnson. | 73094 Carver, Mass. North Carver School Bd. P., Miss Nellie L. Barker. | 73122 Cortez, Colo. Cortez Band. P., Alice Belcher. | 73154 Div. 5. P., J. F. Fullerton. | 73191 Div. 2. P., L. N. Brooks. |
| 73062 Div. 6. P., Margaret Long-fellow. | 73095 Bates Pond School Bd. P., Miss Mary McConnell. | 73123 New Brunswick, N. J. Mapleleaf Sch. Band. P., Miss Lila Thompson. | 73155 Div. 6. P., Anna Geogan. | 73192 Div. 3. P., A. M. Dolen. |
| 73063 Div. 7. P., J. M. Allen. | 73096 Popes' Point Sch. Bd. P., Miss Jessie A. Holmes. | 73124 Milby, Prov. Que., Can. The Dumb Animals Helpers Band. P., Miss Hazel Cowan. | 73156 Div. 7. P., E. B. Bosworth. | 73193 Div. 4. P., F. M. McKenzie. |
| 73064 Div. 8. P., A. B. Smith. | 73097 Wenham School Band. P., Mrs. Lester Pratt. | 73125 Montreal, Que., Can. St. Christophers Band. P., Miss Armstrong. | 73157 Div. 8. P., J. M. Howe. | 73194 Conant School Bands. Div. 1. P., Miss Whitford. |
| 73065 Mt. Pleasant School Bands. Div. 1. P., S. A. Cragin. | 73098 Carver, Mass. High School Bands. Div. 1. P., Mr. Geo. E. Spaulding. | 73126 Rockland, Mass. School St. Sch. Bands. Div. 1. P., Mr. M. McDonald. | 73158 Div. 9. P., A. A. Rea. | 73195 Div. 2. P., Blanch Holmes. |
| 73066 Div. 2. P., N. S. Allen. | 73099 Div. 2. P., Mr. Ellis G. Cornish. | 73127 Div. 2. P., Mrs. Donovan. | 73159 Div. 10. P., S. L. Dinsmore. | 73196 Wellfleet, Mass. High School Band. P., Mr. H. A. Smith. |
| 73067 Div. 3. P., G. L. Knight. | 73100 South Carver School Bands. Div. 1. P., Mrs. Ethel H. Nash. | 73128 Div. 3. P., Miss Eastman. | 73160 Div. 11. P., Francis L. Hayward. | 73197 Grammar School Band. P., Miss A. E. Bragdon. |
| 73068 Div. 4. P., L. F. Barnes. | 73101 Div. 2. P., Marion Copeland. | 73129 Div. 4. P., Miss L. E. Prohon. | 73161 Reed School Bands. Div. 1. P., E. R. Nash. | 73198 Intermediate School Bd. P., Miss R. B. Sears. |
| 73069 Div. 5. P., A. M. Frost. | 73102 Holdrege, Neb. Holdrege Band. P., Hazel Stiles. | 73130 Div. 5. P., Miss French. | 73162 Div. 2. P., J. C. Stebbins. | 73199 Primary School Band. P., Miss E. V. Nickerson. |
| 73070 Div. 6. P., L. E. Mitchell. | 73103 Hamilton, Mass. Hamilton School Bands. Div. 1. P., G. W. Felton. | 73131 Div. 6. P., Miss Holbrook. | 73163 Div. 3. P., Agnes Shea. | 73200 Truro, Mass. Wilder School Bands. Div. 1. P., C. S. Bates. |
| 73071 Burton School Bands. Div. 1. P., K. A. O'Brien. | 73104 Div. 2. P., Mattie Buell. | 73132 Div. 7. P., Miss Donovan. | 73164 Div. 4. P., E. R. Maloy. | 73201 Div. 2. P., M. E. Stocker. |
| 73072 Div. 2. P., M. C. Ray. | 73105 Div. 3. P., Louise Fearing. | 73133 Div. 8. P., Miss Bentley. | 73165 Div. 5. P., F. M. Edwards. | 73202 Longnook School Band. P., Miss I. C. Ewer. |
| 73073 Div. 3. P., T. A. Rogan. | 73106 Div. 4. P., E. L. Fletcher. | 73134 Church St. School Bds. Div. 1. P., Miss Jewett. | 73166 Div. 6. P., L. R. Gurney. | 73203 North Truro, Mass. No. Truro School Bands Div. 1. P., N. A. Rich. |
| 73074 Div. 4. P., N. E. Knight. | 73107 Div. 5. P., Ada Moulton. | 73135 Div. 2. P., Miss Llewelyn. | 73167 Hastings School Bands. Div. 1. P., Agnes Nickerson. | 73204 Div. 2. P., M. C. Mathews. |
| 73075 Mt. Pleasant Primary School Bands. Div. 1. P., Ethel Neal. | 73108 Div. 6. P., Edna Gordon. | 73136 Div. 3. P., Mrs. Ford. | 73168 Div. 2. P., C. E. McGreevy. | 73205 Eastham, Mass. Eastham School Bands Div. 1. P., Miss Rose M. Brunnell. |
| 73076 Div. 2. P., Grace N. Bramhall. | 73109 Wenham, Mass. Wenham Centre School Bands. Div. 1. P., Miss Maud Adlington. | 73137 Plain St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., Miss Jenkins. | 73169 Div. 3. P., K. A. Collins. | 73206 Div. 2. P., Miss Florence Keith. |
| 73077 Div. 3. P., Grace R. Moore. | 73110 Div. 2. P., Miss Aris Carlton. | 73138 Div. 2. P., Miss Thorburn. | 73170 Div. 4. P., Margaret Sibley. | 73207 Weymouth, Mass. Hunt School Bands. Div. 1. P., A. S. Ames. |
| 73078 Cold Spring School Bds. Div. 1. P., Gertrude C. Bennett. | 73111 Div. 3. P., Gertrude Whitney. | 73139 Market St. School. Div. 1. P., Mrs. Owen. | 73171 Gurney School Bands. Div. 1. P., S. L. Dinsmore. | 73208 Div. 2. P., S. G. Seechan. |
| 73079 Div. 2. P., M. F. Douglass. | 73112 Wenham Neck School Band. P., Miss Ethel M. Cleale. | 73140 Div. 2. P., Miss Prouty. | 73172 Div. 2. P., F. L. Hayward. | 73209 Div. 3. P., F. R. Thibodeau. |
| 73080 Oak St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., Marion T. Wholley. | 73113 Rescue, Cal. Angell Band. P., Mrs. N. J. Kellogg. | 73141 Webster St. School Bds. Div. 1. P., Miss Green. | 73173 Div. 3. P., Pearl Pennington. | 73210 Div. 4. P., E. T. Tracy. |
| 73081 Div. 2. P., C. W. Mayhew. | 73114 Mellette, So. Dak. Mellett Band. P., Miss Carrie Hanna Allbee. | 73142 Div. 2. P., Miss Rees. | 73174 Div. 4. P., E. M. Lane. | 73211 Div. 5. P., E. L. Hallahan. |
| 73082 Hedge School Bands. Div. 1. P., Lula C. Vaille. | 73115 Gagetown, Mich. Gagetown Band. P., Eva Martin. | 73143 Summit St. School Bds. Div. 1. P., Mr. Weber. | 73175 Cortrell School Bands. Div. 1. P., M. G. Gaffney. | 73212 Tufts School Bands. Div. 1. P., N. T. Whelan. |
| 73083 Div. 2. P., L. H. Hildreth. | 73116 Minneapolis, Minn. Tribune Band. P., Mrs. Walter L. Hill. | 73144 Div. 2. P., Miss Archibald. | 73176 Div. 2. P., H. L. Lawrence. | 73213 Div. 2. P., N. B. Woodman. |
| 73084 Alden St. School Band. P., Susan C. Thomas. | 73117 Berlin Center, Ohio. Berlin Center Band. P., Bertha M. Maxwell. | 73145 North Union St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., Miss Tripp. | 73177 Bates School Band. P., Miss Blanche Holbrook. | 73214 Div. 3. P., M. E. Crotty. |
| 73085 Spooner St. School Bd. P., Miss Hazel McLean. | 73118 Union, Utah. Union Band. P., E. D. Symon. | 73146 Div. 2. P., Miss Rowell. | 73178 Provincetown, Mass. Eastern School Bands. Div. 1. P., P. J. Atkins. | 73215 Div. 4. P., ——— |
| 73086 Allerton St. School Bd. P., Miss Bertha M. Briggs. | 73119 Westport, So. Dak. Westport Band. P., Arthur Millsaugh. | 73147 North Abington St. Sch. Bands. Div. 1. P., Miss Sullivan. | 73179 Div. 2. P., S. E. Whitcomb. | 73216 Div. 5. P., T. L. Donovan. |
| 73087 Vallerieville School Band. P., Miss Robbins. | 73120 Reynoldsville, Pa. Wishaw Band. P., Miss Ruth Reed. | 73148 Div. 2. P., Miss L. McLaren. | 73180 Div. 3. P., Mary Cabral. | 73217 Lincoln School Bands. Div. 1. P., Grace A. Randall. |
| 73088 Cedarville School Band. P., Miss Porter. | | 73149 Central St. School Band. P., Miss Quigley. | 73181 Div. 4. P., Miss Cook. | 73218 Div. 2. P., K. C. Keenan. |
| 73089 Long Pond School Band P., Miss Bassett. | | 73150 Whitman, Mass. Dyer School Bands. Div. 1. P., C. E. Perkins. | 73182 Center School Bands. Div. 1. P., Mary Days. | 73219 South Weymouth, Mass. Shaw School Bands. Div. 1. P., M. E. Belcher. |
| 73090 Manomet, Mass. Manomet School Bands. Div. 1. P., Miss Irene Hazen. | | 73151 Div. 2. P., Winifred Miller. | 73183 Div. 2. P., A. M. Tracy. | 73220 Div. 2. P., E. E. Martel. |
| 73091 Div. 2. P., Miss Farrington. | | 73152 Div. 3. P., G. L. Morse. | 73184 Div. 3. P., E. A. Hinckley. | 73221 Div. 3. P., E. G. Higgins. |
| 73092 Noir, No. Car. Pioneer Band. P., James Boulware. | | | 73185 Div. 4. P., Annabelle McQuane. | 73222 Div. 4. P., M. C. Nolan. |
| | | | 73186 Western School Bands. Div. 1. P., E. J. Goulart. | |
| | | | 73187 Div. 2. P., C. A. Conroy. | |
| | | | 73188 Div. 3. P., Anna Gallagan. | |
| | | | 73189 Div. 4. P., Marjorie Armstrong. | |

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

Boston, October 29, 1908.

Mrs. Augusta W. Reed.

My dear Mrs. Reed:—It gives me profound satisfaction and pleasure to know of the splendid work you have been doing to promote Humane Education in the schools of Greenwich, which may result not only to the benefit of that town, but have a much wider influence. I am sorry I cannot attend your proposed meeting, but the fact is I am overwhelmed with home work, and when invited by one of Newport's multi-millionaires some time since to give an address there, was compelled to say that it was impossible. Everything said and done and given to promote Humane Education in our schools is just so much said, done, and given for the protection of property and life, the promotion of peace on earth, the prevention of incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime both to human beings and to those we call dumb. If our wealthy citizens could be fully impressed with the importance of this work, millions of dollars would be cheerfully given to carry into all the schools of America the education you are undertaking to carry into the schools of Greenwich.

With kindest wishes, I am,
Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

As the readers of our October issue know, Mrs. Reed is a prominent lady of New York City, one of a considerable number who have their summer residences at Greenwich, Connecticut, and all of whom with educational men, judges, and others, she has interested in the work of our Humane Education Society which is to be carried into all the schools of Greenwich. To the ratification meeting at which she wants us to be present, a special car will bring down the summer residents from New York City to attend.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

[From *Practical Ideals*, Starr Publishing Company, November, 1908.]

TELEPATHIC SUGGESTION.

Do you think, Mr. Angell, that the silent wishes of your absent friends can have any influence to give you additional strength in carrying on your humane work?

Answer: We think it possible.

Many years ago we were riding horseback (as was our usual habit) at Auburndale, near Boston, and in good health, when we were suddenly taken with a terrible sickness which compelled us to get home and off our horse as soon as possible, and we could in no way account for it. The next day we learned by telegram that our good mother in Vermont, more than a hundred miles away, was dying at the time we felt this sickness. This seems to be conclusive evidence that the thoughts of absent friends may in some mysterious way reach and influence us.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PUTTING IT TOO STRONG.

Don't you think you are putting it rather too strong, Mr. Angell, to say in your paper that you think the offices you hold are more desirable than to be President of the United States?

Answer: Many years ago we listened to an oration on "*The Old Age of the Political Partisan*" and wish we had that oration to print now.

Cardinal Wolsey once said, "If I had served my God as I have served my king, He would not in my old age have deserted me."

Daniel Webster, in his old age, was refused permission to speak in Faneuil Hall.

Charles Sumner, in his old age, did one of the noblest acts of his whole life when he moved in Congress that the victories we had won in our Civil War over our southern friends should be stricken off our national flags under which both North and South were

IN WINTER FEED THE BIRDS.



From *Animals' Friend*, London.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

hereafter to march together for the unity of our nation, and the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a resolution which almost broke his heart denouncing him as a traitor, false to the State he represented.

Now, on the other hand, in our eighty-sixth year we are receiving letters almost daily, expressing the hope that our life may long be spared and some of the writers of which are offering daily not formal, but heartfelt prayers for our protection. A few days since we were called upon by one of the most gifted writers in America, whose thoughts are read in many nations and who wanted to tell us how she admires the courage which enabled us to speak out for the right without fear of anybody; and, here in this morning's mail, we find coming from a widely known writer in Indiana a letter containing this: "I desire to say to you that generations unborn will sing your praise; you will need no monument of brass or stone, for your name will be embalmed in the hearts of generations yet to be." Perhaps we need say no more to explain why we think the offices we hold and for one of which we have had forty-one unanimous annual elections are more desirable than to be President of the United States.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOW DOT AND JACK WON A FRIEND.

By Jennie B. Smith.

Up among the green leaves and blossoms of a cherry tree was a tiny home, and in it lived father and mother robin with their four babies. It was a most beautiful place for a home, but one thing troubled mother robin very much. Every morning, while she was feeding her babies, two little people, with bright blue eyes, would stand at the foot of the tree and watch the little family at breakfast.

"I believe she is afraid of us," whispered Jack to his little sister, one day.

"Then we'll go away," said little Dot, "and wait until she knows us better."

So away the children scampered, but they were still very much interested in the old cherry tree.

Soon after, the children were playing near the tree, when they saw mother robin flying round and round.

"Let's see if we can help her," said Dot.

The children ran to the tree and there on the ground lay a baby robin. It had fallen from the nest and could not fly back. Jack climbed up into the tree and brave Dot picked the little bird up and handed it to Jack, who laid it very tenderly in the little nest. From that day the robins and the children were the best of friends.—*Kindergarten Review*.

WHAT GEORGE WASHINGTON SAID.

"My first wish is to see this plague to mankind (war) banished from the earth, and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing implements and exercising them for the destruction of mankind."

We regard all wars which Christ, when on earth, would not have approved, to be unchristian, and that as such they should be opposed by all followers of Christ of every religious denomination. GEO. T. ANGELL.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
But in despair I bowed my head,—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"
Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men."

LONGFELLOW.

Receipts of M. S. P. C. A. for October, 1908.

Fines and witness fees, \$348.20.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. Charles N. Cutler, \$10; Robertson & Sunderland, \$3; M. P. Perley, \$3; Maplewood Band of Mercy, \$3; Mrs. H. I. Fisher, \$3; Mrs. Morrison, \$0.50.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. G. H. Harrington, Miss Fannie Dodge, Mrs. J. A. Wiley, J. H. Stone, Arthur Evans, Mrs. E. H. Williams, Mrs. Wm. Maynard, M. T. Stevens & Sons Co., Mrs. Frances M. Howe, in memory of Jerry.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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Total, \$338.50.

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All others, \$21.38.

Total, \$125.23.

Sales of Publications, \$109.66.

Total, \$1,213.59.

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"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

We believe no other paper in the world goes, as "Our Dumb Animals" does every month, to the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we believe that no paper in the world is more seldom thrown into the wastebasket unread.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

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Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

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The following publications of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following prices, free of postage:

Black Beauty, in English or Italian, cloth 30 cts., paper 10 cts.
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"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 41.

Boston, January, 1909.

No. 8.



RETURNING FROM THE WRECK.

"On the stormy nights of winter, when the tempest is on, and the great waves come rolling in on our Atlantic coast, if you could look through the darkness you would see for hundreds of miles along the coast, strong men, bronzed by exposure to the weather, walking all night long like sentinels, up and down, peering out into the darkness.

"By and by a vessel—perhaps a great steamer—comes driving ashore. A signal light is flashed, other strong men come hurrying down the coast with life-saving apparatus. If a boat can live the life boat is launched and, manned by brave fellows, pulls out into the storm. If a

boat cannot live, then a life line is fired over the vessel, a cable is drawn on board, a chair is rigged on the cable, and backward and forward it plies until every passenger and every sailor is saved.

"Another division of the great army of mercy."

—From Address by Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tennessee.

We earnestly hope that Congress will soon pension our coast life savers as other United States sailors are pensioned.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We do most earnestly wish and hope that the new year upon which we have now entered may be not only to the whole human race, but also to all the lower animals that depend on our mercy, the happiest our world has ever seen.

GOOD DEEDS.

"I shall pass through this world but once; therefore whatever good thing there is which I may do, let me do it now; let me not postpone nor defer it, for I shall not come this way again."

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

A Rochester, New York, editor, who is preparing an article on the question, "Is marriage a failure?" asks my opinion, and the following is my answer:

"My dear Sir:

December 7, 1908.

"In reply to your question, 'Is marriage a failure?' I would say that but for the devotion, unremitting care, and good judgment of my good wife, I should have been dead and buried fourteen years ago; and for all that I have been able to accomplish in my life-work, credit is largely due to her.

"With kind wishes,

"Yours sincerely,

"GEO. T. ANGELL."

NULLA DIES SINE LINEA.

These four Latin words, meaning in English, *no day without something accomplished*, have been, as many of our readers know, one of our life mottoes and to them we might now add that we have no day without something pleasant. We have just received a call from a fine-looking gentleman, residing in New Jersey, who has told us that visiting Providence he was determined not to go home until he had called upon us in Boston, and who said, at the close of our interview, that while he had met several Presidents of the United States he had met no one whom it gave him more pleasure to meet than ourself. Various other kind things he said, and every word evidently expressed the sincere feelings of his heart.

And then we have had the pleasure to-day of writing Mrs. Mary L. Schaffter of New Orleans that the great work she has done in that city to aid in the founding and success of the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has made it eminently proper that she should receive our humane silver medal which will start on its journey to-morrow morning; and then we have decided to-day, after a discussion with our good secretary, Mr. Guy Richardson, that our American Humane Education Society must try to send out into the world a *hundred thousand new missionaries* in the shape of bound volumes of "*Black Beauty*," "*The Strike at Shane's*," and "*Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst*."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND NEW MISSIONARIES.

Our American Humane Education Society, on account of the vast needs of our work, has decided to try to send out a *hundred thousand new missionaries* in the form of bound volumes of "*Black Beauty*" (the best missionary of its kind in the world), "*The Strike at Shane's*," and "*Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst*." This is going to cost our American Humane Education Society thousands of dollars, and if we had the money we should send out a million new missionaries instead of a hundred thousand. All friends of humanity can receive at our offices as many of these bound volumes as they desire, paying two and one-half cents per volume; or have them sent prepaid over the United States with the simple addition of the cost of postage or expressage.

And now I want to say that I want every reader of this article to consider how much he or she is willing to give to aid in promoting the objects of our American Humane Education Society, for the "Glory of God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy for Every Living Creature, both human and those we call dumb," a work upon which depends largely the protection of property and life from incendiary fires, railroad wrecks and every form of cruelty and crime. And then I want all who feel able to give us help to send their donations to our treasurer, the Hon. Henry B. Hill, or to me, if they prefer, at 19 Milk Street, Boston. All such donations will be duly acknowledged in *Our Dumb Animals*, unless we are specially requested not to publish them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

LETTER TO JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

December 11, 1908.

My dear Mr. Rockefeller:—It is quite likely that whoever may receive for you this letter will not think it entitled to one moment's consideration, but having before me in the *Boston Herald* of this December 11, your third article in *The World's Work*, it occurs to me to say that through our American Humane Education Society I have sent out already, in various languages, over three millions copies of the book, "*Black Beauty*," which for the promotion of Peace, Temperance, observance of the Sabbath, and other good things, in addition to kindness to the lower animals, has perhaps not its equal in the world, and I should be very glad to announce through my monthly paper, which goes every month (among others) to every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, that through your generous contribution I am prepared to send out over the world several millions more of this remarkable book.

With kind wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A NEW AND MOST IMPORTANT PAPER FOR CHILDREN.

If some millionaire would give our American Humane Education Society the money required, we would not only go to work at once to establish the press bureau, about which we have often written, but also to establish the *best humane paper of the whole world for children* between eight and fifteen years of age, and should endeavor through our Bands of Mercy and otherwise to have it read every month in a hundred thousand schools by millions of children.

Riding one day at Northfield with Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, he expressed to us his regret that he could not have had, as we did, a college education. We replied in substance, "If you had gone to college and had your head filled with long words of Latin and Greek derivation you would never have had one half the influence you have now. You talk now in a language that everybody understands."

What we want for the children is a paper which shall contain the *gems* of humane thought from the whole world in language which the children can understand, and illustrated with beautiful pictures which they will always remember; a paper that shall teach peace, temperance, justice and kindness to all living beings, both human and those we call dumb, and shall go far to upset the devilish teachings of war, fighting, cruelty, rowdiness and crime that now prevail so widely. A paper of this kind can be so conducted and pushed that it will be read by millions of children in a hundred thousand schools and do more for the prevention of wars and the protection of property and life than all our Hague conferences. If war, which is hell on earth, is ever to be prevented it must be largely through the right education of children, and the sooner that education is begun the nearer we shall get to the millennium when the nations will not be taxed to their utmost capacity to maintain great armies, build battleships, and erect fortifications.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Hundreds of thousands of children can never be taught *directly* in our schools to love either their fathers or mothers, but they can be taught to be constantly saying kind words and doing kind acts to the lower creatures, and in this way may be made better, kinder, and more merciful in all the relations of life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

It is within the power of united Christian churches to prevent any war between Christian nations.

A SHORT LESSON FOR SCHOOLS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.



Well, what are these men at?

These men are at war.

Will not these men kill each other?

Yes, they will. *Men go to war to kill each other.*

Did these men who are fighting get up the war?

Oh, no; the politicians got up the war.

Had these men, who are fighting, any cause to dislike each other?

Oh, no; none whatever.

Have these men, who are fighting, fathers and mothers and wives and children?

Oh, yes; many of them.

Is war bad for horses as well as men?

Yes; horses have no hospitals or ambulance corps or pensions; they are not unfrequently left on battlefields to die of starvation. War is *hell for horses*.

Is it right for men to fight and kill each other and thousands of horses in war?

The United States says it is, and England says it is, and they go a long way across the ocean to fight and kill, and say they are doing right.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TWO THOUSAND COPIES OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

We are glad to receive an order, on November 25, for two thousand copies of "*Black Beauty*," to be given to boys in Cleveland, Ohio; and on the same date we received an application for six thousand copies of *Our Dumb Animals* from Kansas City, Missouri.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

There comes to my table this morning a new daily paper, to be published hereafter in Boston by the Christian Science Church, under the name of "*The Christian Science Monitor*," and prominently marked in this paper what my good wife thinks to be one of the best photographs of myself she has ever seen, and some account of my life; and then there comes to me at the same time a statement, occupying a column and a half, largely devoted to our Bands of Mercy, which every Christian Scientist is urged to join and assist in extending, with excellent suggestions for making it widely useful, proposing for it constant memory gems, good music; and suggesting for the children not a "school yell" but this Band of Mercy yell:

"Who are we?

Look and see,

B. O. M.

Angell's troopers full of noise,

Mercy girls, and Mercy boys.

Be kind and just our mottoes run,

B. O. M."

We see by our exchange papers that the Christian Science people have recently paid four hundred thousand dollars *simply for a lot* on which they propose to build a church in the city of New York, and our impression is that this new daily paper is likely to be subscribed for by nearly every Christian Scientist in America, and may have great influence in aiding the work of our American Humane Education Society for the promotion of "*Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy for Every Living Creature, both human and those we call dumb*."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Mercy to Every Living Creature.

WHAT LED YOU, MR. ANGELL, TO GO INTO THIS WORK?

Answer: (1) A beautiful horse to which I was much attached driven almost to death by two drunken men—and no law to punish them.

(2) A cow belonging to a rich, miserly woman kept all winter almost at the point of starvation to save the cost of hay—and no law to prevent her.

(3) A man who had mortgaged a fine stock of cattle, and who, to prevent the man to whom he had mortgaged them from getting his pay, locked the stable doors and starved them all to death in their stalls—and there was no law in Massachusetts to punish him.

These are only three out of many similar occurrences which led me to give my time and money to this work. GEO. T. ANGELL.

IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

"In the days of chivalry, in the middle ages, men stood before the altars in those great cathedrals of Europe and took upon themselves the obligations of knighthood.

"What were they?

"To protect the defenceless and maintain the right.

"We come before you in behalf of the most defenceless—asking for them your protection, that you will join and establish these orders of mercy and chivalry; give them power to carry humane education into every home; power to protect not only the weak and suffering of our own race, but every harmless living creature from injustice and wrong."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VENTILATION OF OUR SCHOOL-HOUSES AND HOMES.

One of Boston's most eminent physicians said to us some time since that all these hot air heaters which are being used in school-houses and homes are the devil's inventions. When we were in the practice of law forty years ago one of our four offices was heated with an open wood fire in a Franklin stone stove and the other three with cannon coal in open fireplaces. We cannot tell how many times we were asked if it was not very costly to burn an open wood fire and we always answered, "Not so costly as doctor's bills."

A suggestion that comes to us is that with hot air heating tens of thousands of houses can be thoroughly ventilated by outside chimneys erected at no great expense.

One of the most important letters which came to our table, in our morning mail of November 27, was from Mr. Thomas H. Jackson, 806 Division street, Cheboygan, Michigan. In the beginning he states what is unquestionably true: "Since discarding the fireplaces and their ventilators (chimneys) the average householder winters his family in a practically airtight enclosure. The wife is generally a 'shut-in,' subjected to, and confined in a lung-starved condition; her vitality, strength, and beauty deteriorated, she becomes discouraged and discontented. In this inhuman condition of physical and mental depression we expect her to bear a child endowed with perfectly formed organs, active and ready to perform their functions. In this environment of 'shut-out' free, natural air we are disappointed if the child fails to maintain a healthy growing condition."

In the closing lines of his letter Mr. Jackson writes: "I do not know of a graduate of our common schools who holds a diploma for complete knowledge in physiology and hygiene, do you? Who is to blame? Is it the educational system or the cheapness of God's free air? We are told there are one hundred thousand cubic feet of air in the open for the use of each individual. One can continue life without food and water for several days; without air, hardly so many minutes. For it is the first cry of the newborn babe and the last gasp of the dying man."

On the day before Thanksgiving we were called upon by one of the editors of *Good*

Housekeeping, Springfield, Massachusetts, which has, we understand, a monthly circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand copies, wishing to take several of our pictures to be used in an illustrated article; and in the course of our conversation we learned that *Good Housekeeping* is going to make an investigation of the plans of ventilation in our schoolhouses and homes. It is a most important subject and I forwarded Mr. Jackson's letter at once to the editors, thinking they may be able to use it. If we could only stop the terrible adulterations of foods and drinks and medicines, to prevent which has cost us personally thousands of dollars in time and money, and the sale of millions of pounds of meats and milk unfit for human consumption, to prevent which we have also given time and money, and then get a perfect ventilation in our homes and schoolrooms—if we could accomplish these things, it would cause an universal expression of gratitude.

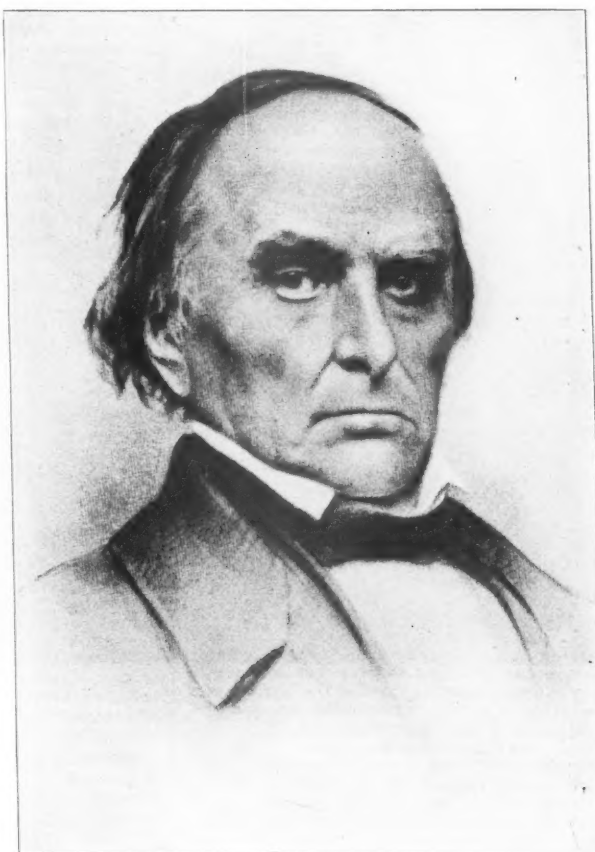
GEO. T. ANGELL.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND RUFUS CHOATE.

Probably no educational institution in our country has ever graduated two more eminent and eloquent lawyers than old Dartmouth College gave us in Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate.

It was my privilege, as a member of the Suffolk Bar, to attend many years ago the trial of one of the most important cases of the year in our Supreme Judicial Court at Boston. On the two sides were arraigned some half a dozen of our most eminent lawyers. Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, as it happened, were on the same side. A hostile witness was put on by the other side, some of whose evidence was of the utmost importance to Webster and Choate, if it could be obtained, and Choate undertook the task of obtaining it. No man at our Bar had more profound skill in cross-examination, and the questions he put to the witness were like the fire of a Maxim gun, but in every instance he failed to get the evidence he wanted and finally sat down in despair. Then Webster, who had been sitting in his great arm chair, apparently about half asleep, as though taking no interest in the case whatever, slowly arose to his feet, put his great eyes on the hostile witness, asked him in the most serious tone a single question, and brought instantly the required answer. Then as quietly he sat down and apparently went about half asleep again. It was a scene photographed on my mind, never to be forgotten.

Sometime after, Webster and Choate in the same court room were opposed to each other on a great car wheel case. It was the object of Choate to show that the car wheels were different, and of Webster to show that they were substantially the same. Choate made a most eloquent argument, which was listened to with great pleasure by all present. Then Webster arose and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, the learned counsel has given you a most beautiful address, abounding with eloquence, to which we have all listened with interest, the object being to show you that



DANIEL WEBSTER.

FROM "HEROES, GREATHEARTS AND THEIR ANIMAL FRIENDS."
Published by Fairfax Publishing Co., 80 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

these two car wheels are different, but, gentlemen of the jury, the car wheels are here before you and speak for themselves. You will please carefully examine and see whether they are not in substance the same." And so he went on, and I believe won his case.

The difference between Webster and Choate cannot better be explained, as it rests in my mind, than to compare Choate to a Maxim gun raining bullets of eloquence wherever he chose, and Webster to a great gun that can send out a thirteen inch shell to penetrate an ironclad.

It was wonderful to listen to Choate. I remember a case in which an ordinary lawyer would have simply said to the court that he moved a postponement of the case because witness so and so was sick, but in this case Choate arose and commenced by saying that his important witness was on a bed of sickness, and perhaps a bed of death, and so went whirling up almost to the skies on this simple motion, to the great interest of everybody that heard him.

Our old Chief Justice, Judge Shaw, one of the greatest lawyers of his time, was a plain, practical man, and looked in his old age, as he sat on the bench, somewhat like a Chinese idol, and he used to frequently cut off Mr. Choate's eloquence by calling him back to the plain facts.

At a Bar dinner Choate was called upon to toast the Chief Justice, and what he said was this: "We regard our Chief Justice as the heathen regards his idol. We know that he is ugly, but we feel that he is great."

The handwriting of Rufus Choate was something beyond ordinary comprehension. It became my duty at one time to puzzle over his notes of evidence for about a week, and I never had a more difficult task. These notes of evidence were on a motion of Choate for a

new trial on the ground that the verdict was contrary to the evidence, and were sent to Charles G. Loring, in whose office I was studying law, with this note: "My dear Mr. Loring—Please look over my notes of evidence and express your *entire approval* of them or suggest any *unreasonable* objections which to you may occur." And Mr. Loring put the notes into my hands for translation.

Speaking of great lawyers, I ought to say that no lawyer in Boston had more wealthy and distinguished clients than Charles G. Loring, and the old Suffolk Bar had no better man. When I was admitted to the Bar, on his motion, I asked what I should pay him for tuition, and his answer was, "Nothing." "You can come to me," he said, "any time for any assistance you want. If I had not already my own brother and son in my firm, I would make you a member, and as it is, I will negotiate for you a partnership," and a few days after, at his suggestion, I was offered a three years' partnership by one of the most eminent commercial lawyers of Boston, Benjamin F. Brooks, Esq.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ALPHA DELTA PHI.

"Dear Mr. Angell: I see it stated that you had something to do with the founding of the Dartmouth Chapter of 'Alpha Delta Phi.' Will you kindly tell me about it?"

Answer. In 1842 I entered Brown University and soon took part in a great crusade of our freshman class against all secret societies. We procured badges which outshone those of the existing societies, met in the parlors of a beautiful mansion, surrounded by gardens, where one of our classmates lived, and on the whole had very delightful times. Being the son of a country clergyman, I found that I had not money enough to go through Brown University without teaching winters, which was not permitted, and so joined the sophomore class at Dartmouth. Elections to the college secret societies there were not made until the sophomore year. I was nominated and was supposed to be sure of an election to the "Psi Upsilon," but when it came to the election one of the members who had heard something of the Brown University Crusade decided to write and inquire what part I had taken in it, and on receiving an answer that I had been very active decided to blackball me. When my good "Psi Upsilon" friend and classmate came to my room and told me about it (which he had no business to do) I replied, "Now, Baker, we have three years to stay in this college. Please remember what I tell you. Before we leave this college, I will have a society here head and shoulders above the others." There was in the junior class a small society limited to the class. Within forty-eight hours I had commenced negotiations and laid my plans before them, which were accepted. I nominated some half a dozen of my own class to be elected, and then went to work. The other societies had not the slightest knowledge of what we were doing until we had procured rooms in old Dartmouth Hall and initiated sixteen freshmen who were the cream of the freshman class. When the next freshman class came in, it was a stand up fight and we won the victory. Then we applied to become a Chapter of the "Alpha Delta Phi," and delegates from Yale and Amherst, in the beautiful parlors of Professor Sanborn, initiated us. When I left college the "Alpha Delta Phi" stood, in the opinions of all its members, head and shoulders above the other college societies.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

Two of the greatest patriots were born in February, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

HEADED TOWARDS ANARCHY.

Under these head lines we find, in *The Boston Post* of December 13, that at the annual dinner of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria, December 12, Chief Justice Mitchell of Pennsylvania stated that some of the phrases so prominently put forth in the President's last message to Congress betray not only ignorance, but a deplorable incapacity to comprehend the fundamental principles of the American Government.

This looks as though Chief Justice Mitchell has no fear of the "big stick" at Washington.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN—ANOTHER RESULT OF CATTLE-RANCH, ROUGH-RIDER, ROOSEVELTIAN DOINGS.

There is no paper in the United States we like better to read than the *Springfield Republican*, and on the same page of its issue of November 14 we find, with one of our own editorials copied from *Our Dumb Animals*, the following:

"Our spectacular armada has bedeviled the people of Australia as it bedeviled the peoples of Argentina and Brazil, and has done more to fan the flames of the big navy craze on both sides of the globe than any other single performance in our time. Within what Europe concedes to be the special sphere of our influence, according to the Monroe Doctrine, there arises to-day this phenomenon of an epidemic militarism that has no rational basis whatever, and must tend to injure the continent where its sinister manifestations appear."

As the years have gone by since we tried to prevent the appointment of Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy it has become strongly and more strongly impressed on our mind that Roosevelt is precisely what ex-Governor and ex-Senator Boutwell declared him to be, the most dangerous man in America, who may before he gets through be the cause of as great destruction of human and animal life through international wars as was caused by Napoleon Bonaparte.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Among many kind Christmas presents, one of fifty dollars comes "to our personal stocking" from a dear friend of our humane work with the wish "that it was a thousand times as much." It forcibly reminds us of what our good mother used to say to us in her old age, "George, you will never want for money because you have been so kind to your mother."

Her prophecy seems correct. Since passing our eightieth year our doctor's and living bills have been large, but it seems pretty sure that without calling on any Carnegie or Eliot funds we shall have enough not only to pay the bills of our good wife and ourself during the remainder of our earthly lives but also have the pleasure of knowing that we may be able to leave something to help our Humane Societies when we can no longer speak for them.

Just before going to press another kind donation of fifty dollars comes to me from another kind lady, to aid the work of our American Humane Education Society.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We regard all wars which Christ, when on earth, would not have approved, to be unchristian, and that as such they should be opposed by all followers of Christ of every religious denomination. GEO. T. ANGELL.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

WHERE IS THY BROTHER—CAIN?

I have sung of the soldier's glory
As I never shall sing again:
I have gazed on the shambles gory,
I have smelled of the slaughter pen.

There is blood in the ink-well clotted,
There are stains on the laurel-leaf,
And the pages of Fame are blotted
With the tears of a needless grief.

The bird is slaughtered for fashion,
And the beast is killed for sport;
And never the word compassion
Is whispered at Moloch's court.

For the parent seal in the water
Is slain, and her child must die,
That some sister or wife or daughter
Her beauty may beautify.

And the merciful thought we smother—
[For such is the way of man]—
As we murder the useless mother
For the "unborn astrakan."

But a season of rest comes never
For the rarest sport of all;
Will His patience endure forever,
Who noteth a sparrow's fall?

When the volleys of hell are sweeping
The sea and the battle plain,
Do you think that our God is sleeping,
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever
Are slaying the wasted frame,
Shall we worship the red deceiver,
The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censer to cover
The odor of blood—in vain;
God asks us, over and over,
"Where is thy brother—Cain?"

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

THE ROOSEVELTIAN DOCTRINE.

From "Onward, Christian Soldier!"

The Anglo-Saxon Christians, with Gatling gun and sword,

In serried ranks are pushing on the gospel of the Lord.

On Afric's soil they press the foe in war's terrific scenes,

And merrily the hunt goes on throughout the Philippines.

What though the Boers are Christians; the Filipinos, too!

It is a Christian act to shoot a fellow-creature through;

The bombs with dynamite surcharged their deadly missiles fling,

And gayly on their fatal work the dum-dum bullets sing.

The dead and mangled bodies, the wounded and the sick,

Are multiplied on every hand, on every field are thick.

"O gracious Lord," the prayer goes up, "to us give victory swift!"

The chaplains on opposing sides the same petitions lift.

* * * * *

The Jesus that we reverence is not the lowly man
Who trod in poverty and rags where Jordan's waters ran:

Our savior is an admiral upon the quarter-deck,
Or else a general uniformed, an-army at his beck.

How natural that a change should come in nineteen hundred years,

And Bibles take a place behind the bullets and the beers!

We need a new Messiah to lead the latest way,
And gospel version well revised to show us how to pray.

Then onward, Christian soldier! through fields of crimson gore,

Behold the trade advantages beyond the open door!
The profits on our ledgers outweigh the heathen loss;
Set thou the glorious stars and stripes above the ancient cross!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Private Smith of the Royals; the veldt and a slate-black sky.

Hillocks of mud, brick-red with blood, and a prayer—half curse—to die.

A lung and a Mauser bullet; pink froth and a half-choked cry.

Private Smith of the Royals; a torrent of freezing rain;

A hail of frost on a life half-lost; despair and a grinding pain.

And the drip-drip-drip of the heavens to wash out the brand of Cain.

Private Smith of the Royals, self-sounding his funeral knell;

A burning throat that each gasping note scrapes raw like a broken shell;

A thirst like a red-hot iron and a tongue like a patch of hell.

Private Smith of the Royals; the blush of a dawning day;

The fading mist that the sun has kissed—and over the hills away

The blessed Red Cross, like an angel, in the trail of the men who slay.

Private Smith of the Royals gazed up at the soft blue sky—

The rose-tinged morn, like a babe new born, and the sweet-songed birds on high—

With the fleck of red on his pallid lip and a film of white on his eye.

HERBERT CADETT.

Toronto Daily Chronicle.

PICTURES OF WAR.

We take the following from various articles which have appeared in the Boston and other papers:

(1) With a cargo of dying horses and mules, and fifty-five empty stalls, the U. S. transport *Victoria* returned to port late last night, having been forced by stress of weather off Cape Flattery to turn back from her voyage to the Philippines. Of the 410 horses and mules carried by the *Victoria* and taken on board Nov. 23, fifty-five were literally pounded to death against the sides of their stalls in the storm, and many of the remaining animals are so badly bruised that the officers of the vessel believe they cannot be saved.—*Boston Journal*.

(2) A telegram from Honolulu says that the transport *Siam* which lost 365 out of 375 army mules on the way to the Philippines, has just returned for another lot.

(3) We see in our evening paper that the British Government has ordered ten thousand more American mules sent to South Africa.

(4) In the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "Listener" relates what he saw of the sufferings of horses and mules sent for army use to Cuba, and closes by saying, "Surely to horses war is hell."

(5) The sight of men dying or lying wounded on the field never completes the picture of a battle. Most of the bullets which pierce a human body on the field pierce a human heart in some far-off home.

(6) "The British infantry had carried the Boer positions, the cavalry pursued, using the long lance, or spear, with fearful effect. One of our men stuck his lance through two, killing both at one thrust."

"The Boers fell off their horses and rolled among the rocks, hiding their heads with their arms, calling for mercy, calling to be shot—anything to escape a stab from those terrible lances through their backs and bowels. But not many escaped. We just gave them a good dig as they lay. Next day most of the lances were bloody."

"They threw up their arms and fell on their knees for mercy, but we were told not to give them any, and I can assure you they got none. We went along sticking our lances through them."

"Blessed are the Merciful for they shall obtain Mercy."



MOTHER AND CHILD.

Berlin Photographic Co.

A TENNESSEE DOCTOR'S HORSE.

Dr. J. B. Barnum of La Follette, Tennessee, sends us an interesting account of his horse.

"Charlie, whom every boy and girl in my vicinity loves, is a sleepy-looking six-year-old, quiet and contemplative in his usual moods, but when he has a good chance and is not needed can run around and kick up his heels like any boy of his age. Let a little one stray around his feet or get on his back and he sobers down and steps as carefully as though treading on eggs. Charlie knows every youngster and baby in the neighborhood. Put one on his back, tie up the reins, and start him off to take the little one home, and he goes to the right house, stops at the door, stands till relieved of his burden, and then quietly trots home unless he sees me coming, and then he follows me.

"He never, in the many calls I daily make, requires fastening, but will follow along, pick around until the visit is finished, and if the next is near, trot around and wait until it is finished. Charlie understands, if he cannot speak, the English language. One instance of many I will give. One morning, when starting out on my morning round, a woman called from a neighboring row of tenements, 'Call and see my child when you come back.' Some two hours had elapsed before the round was finished and the call had been forgotten. When we reached the street corner Charlie balked, took the bit in his mouth and made a run up the street to the woman's house, stopped at the door and waited till the little sufferer's wants had been attended to, and then quietly followed me home. He had never been there before, and if he did not understand what was said, what made him act so? Sometimes he is quite helpful in ridding me of the chronic hypochondriac cases, who fancy a full recital of all their ills, real and imaginary, to be necessary at every visit, and that the doctor has nothing to do save to hear these wandering stories. If a call at certain places is unusually prolonged and an open door or window accessible, his head is sure to pop in and a prolonged neighing issues till I go on. One morning he had been quietly following until noon was approaching, when by sundry little nips on my coat-sleeve he intimated that 'corn time' had

come. When the family was visited and a retreat sounded, another member of the family claimed attention. This was despatched and a new start made, when another required attention. Charlie pulled violently on my sleeve to no purpose. After this case was pacified I again made a move, when the old grandmother called to 'wait till they could send to a neighbor's and bring the baby.' This was too much. Charlie seized me by the coat collar and pulled me away, striking out viciously with both heels toward the tormentors. You could almost imagine from the expression of his face that he was saying: 'These people have had doctoring enough and I want my corn.'

"The night is never so dark but that he brings me safely home, often over roads where a misstep would land us hundreds of feet below. Never a stream so swift that he will not carry me surely across. Never a storm but that to the best of his ability he will shield me with his body from its force. Never a morning but his neigh is one of the first sounds I hear. Do you wonder that he is regarded as something more than a mere animal to be bought and sold, but rather as a comrade trusty and true from whom nothing but death will part me?"

Dr. J. B. BARNUM.

La Follette, Tenn.

GET COAL EARLY TO SAVE HORSES.

George T. Angell, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has issued an appeal to the public at large asking them to see to it that their coal bins are full before the icy weather sets in and to so merit the thanks of hundreds of horses which will thereby escape pulling heavy loads in rough weather over ice and through snow.—*Boston Journal*, Nov. 11, 1908.

The above appeared in the Boston daily papers of November 10 and 11.

ARMY HORSES.

In the *Buffalo Horse World* of Dec. 8 we find an interesting article on army horses, which commences: "There can be but little question that horses in war suffer more fatalities than men."

OUR HORSES.

Our horses, whom it is our duty to represent, are all for peace and arbitration. They want no wars anywhere. Too many of them have died on battlefields and by starvation and terrible cruelty in the handling of cannon and ambulances and army supplies to have any love of war.

The horses of America would all vote for peace.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

PETTING A HORSE.

If You Want to Please Him Rub Him Between the Ears.

"Not many people know how to pet a horse, from the horse's standpoint, at any rate," said a trainer. "Every nice-looking horse comes in for a good deal of petting. Hitch a fine horse close to the curb and you'll find that half the men, women and children who go by will stop for a minute, say 'Nice horse,' and give him an affectionate pat or two.

"The trouble is they don't pat him in the right place. If you want to make a horse think he is going straight to heaven hitched to a New York cab or delivery wagon, rub over his eyes. Next to that form of endearment a horse likes to be rubbed right up between the ears. In petting horses most people slight those nerve centers. They stroke the horse's nose. While a well behaved horse will accept the nasal caress complacently, he would much prefer that nice, soothing touch applied to the eyelids. Once in a while a person comes along who really does know how to pet a horse. Nine times out of ten that man was brought up in the country among horses and learned when a boy their peculiar ways."—*New York Globe*.

TO STABLE KEEPERS AND ALL INTERESTED IN HORSES.

My experience has led me to think that a very large part of the abuse of livery as well as other horses comes from thoughtlessness, and because of this thoughtlessness horses are often driven very hard, both up hill and down, not given water or food as often as they require, left standing without blankets in cold weather, and not unfrequently they suffer from high checkreins, etc., etc., all of which might be remedied if their drivers would read "*Black Beauty*," which now claims a circulation of more than three millions copies, and which can be obtained at our offices at five cents a copy, or sent by mail at ten cents a copy.

Can stable keepers and owners of horses, who are intrusted to other persons, make a better investment for the protection of their property than to present such persons with a copy of "*Black Beauty*?"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HORSES IN OUR LUMBERMEN'S CAMPS.

A kind suggestion of Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske, the distinguished actress, that there is great need of the men in our lumber camps being supplied with humane publications, which will secure a kinder treatment for the horses employed in those camps, has led me to make a careful investigation in northern New Hampshire and Vermont. I find that simply in the lumber camps of those two sections there are about fifteen thousand men, with thousands of horses, and we should like to make a special effort to humanely influence all the men in those camps, and prevent great suffering to horses.

If any of our friends care to aid us in this work, please send to me or Hon. Henry B. Hill, treasurer of our American Humane Education Society, such donations as they can afford to help the circulation of our publications not only in these sections, but in tens of thousands of lumber camps, employing hundreds of thousands of men and horses, in other parts of our country.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY



BAND OF MERCY

EDITORS MAY SAVE LIVES.

In our last month's issue we told how a gentleman standing in the aisle of one of our electric cars was thrown off his balance by a sudden jerk and thrusting his arm through one of the car windows cut an artery and would have quickly bled to death but for a young man in the car who had been attending emergency lectures, who rushed forward and giving his handkerchief a tourniquet twist about the gentleman's arm above the cut stopped the bleeding and so saved his life. To this we added that if the editors of the about twenty thousand publications to which our paper goes every month would republish this it may be the means of saving, in railroad and other accidents, many lives. Our good friend and frequent medical adviser, Dr. Harry W. Goodall of 71 Marlboro street, tells us that our Boston police and firemen and children in the public schools are fully instructed in regard to this matter. Will the about twenty thousand editors who receive our paper every month kindly suggest to their readers that similar instructions should be given in all cities and towns?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BURGLARS AT PEPPERELL.

In our morning paper, of December 2, we see that burglars blew open a vault of the First National Bank at Pepperell, Massachusetts, last night, got fourteen thousand dollars in cash from the vault, and then left in their automobile.

We wonder how long it will be before our plan will be adopted by country towns of having two policemen, armed with shotguns, going in an automobile perhaps a dozen times in a night by nearly every house in town, and citizens will be instructed, whenever there is any cause for suspicion, to hang out signal lights and stop these policemen for investigation.

As matters are now, the criminals are using the automobiles and the policemen, tramping singly, alone, nights, are of almost no use for the protection of property or life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

THE POOR OLD HORSE.

An old and crippled horse am I,
Full twenty years have passed
Since I was bought with price so high,
Because I could trot so fast.

But now I've grown so weak and old,
My owner said, to-day,
"I think the old horse must be sold,
"And in his place we'll use the bay."

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When master brought me home,
And mistress stroked my coat of gray
And from their eyes the kindness shone,
And now my usefulness is o'er,
And beauty, too, I know,
But still I love them as of yore,
And could I but speak, would tell them so.

My lot was happy for twenty years,
No hard work night or day,
I had no thought, I had no fears
Bad luck would come my way.

But, oh, this evening, after dark,
There came a great surprise,
A shadow fitted grim and dark
Before my dim, old eyes.

My master with indifferent smile,
Mistress with her face serene,
A bustle about the barn, awhile,
O dear, what can it mean?

Then comes a stranger to my stall
And roughly lifts my head.
"I'll give scarce anything," he says, "at all,"
"For this old horse is nearly dead."

My old eyes ache, my limbs are weak,
I know now what they've done,
They've sold me to a stranger, sleek,
When life for me is almost done.

O master, why so hard of heart?
And mistress, once so kind,
I love you, and we're doomed to part;
Must I leave you both behind?

My eyes are dim, my heart is sore
From longing for old friends;
I pray my life may soon be o'er,
I wait, in patience till it ends.

JENNIE F. STODDARD,
East Weymouth, Mass.

You are doing right when you treat every living creature as you would wish to be treated. If you drive a horse, or own a horse, think how you would like to be treated if you were that horse. Treat your dog and your cat as you would like to be treated if you were that dog or cat.

KILLING ANIMALS FOR FUN.

One of the most influential ladies of western Massachusetts sends us the following, published in the *New York Herald*:

In this year of grace, 1908, our President, Theodore Roosevelt, church member, man of letters, soldier and statesman, will soon travel many thousands of miles armed with the latest sporting gear, to seek out in their forest homes animals that have the right to live and that enjoy the splendor of their strength and freedom as much as he does. The President will lie in ambush and kill the beasts that are luckless enough to cross his path. . . . It will all mean to him just a grand holiday and some roaring good fun in the killing of these animals for the mere wanton pleasure of killing something. . . .

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In all questions relating to war it is the duty of the editor of this paper *never to forget and always be ready to speak* for the horses and mules that must suffer and die.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"He shall have judgment without mercy that hath shown no mercy."

THE LIGHTHOUSE LAMP.

The winds came howling down from the north,
Like a hungry wolf for prey,
And the bitter sleet went hurling forth,
In the sinking face of the day.

And the snowflakes drifted near and far,
Till the land was whitely fleeced,
And the lighthouse lamp, a golden star,
Flamed over the waves' white yeast.

In the room at the foot of the lighthouse
Lay mother and babe asleep,
And little maid Gretchen was by them there,
A resolute watch to keep.

There were only the three on the lighthouse isle,
For father had trimmed the lamp,
And set it burning a weary while
In the morning's dusk and damp.

"Long before night I'll be back," he said,
And his white sail slipped away,
Away and away to the mainland sped.
But it came not home that day.

The mother stirred on her pillow's space,
And moaned in pain and fear,
Then looked in her little daughter's face
Through the blur of starting tear.

"Darling," she whispered, "it's piercing cold,
And the tempest is rough and wild;
And you are no laddie, strong and bold,
My poor little maiden child;

"But up aloft there's the lamp to feed,
Or its flame will die in the dark,
And the sailor lose in his utmost need
The light of our islet's ark."

"I'll go," said Gretchen, "a step at a time;
Why, mother, I'm twelve years old,
And steady, and never afraid to climb,
And I've learned to do as I'm told."

Then Gretchen up to the top of the tower,
Up the icy, smooth-worn stair,
Went slowly and surely that very hour,
The sleet in her eyes and hair.

She fed the lamp, and she trimmed it well,
And its clear light glowed afar,
To warn of reefs, and of rocks to tell,
This mariner's guiding star.

And once again when the world awoke
In the dawn of a bright new day,
There was joy in the hearts of the fisher folk
Along the stormy bay,

When the little boats came sailing in
All safe and sound to the land,
To the haven the light had helped them win,
By the aid of a child's brave hand.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HIRAM POWERS, THE GREAT AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

"I had [at Florence] one memorable conversation with the distinguished American sculptor, Hiram Powers, in which he expressed his firm conviction that the great need of our country was more education of the heart.

"Educate the hearts of the people," said he.
"Give in your schools rewards to the good boys, not to the smart ones."

"God gives the intellect—the boy should not be rewarded for that."

"The great danger of our country is from its smart men. Educate the heart. Educate the heart. Let us have good men."

"These were the words of that old man eloquent, with an eye like an eagle's and a face full of sunshine."—From page 29 of our "Autobiographical Recollections."

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.



OVER SNOW FIELDS. 7

Berlin Photographic Co.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

It was through his help that in 1871 we obtained without charge the use of Farwell Hall, Chicago, to establish the Illinois Humane Society, which has saved millions of animals from suffering. All who loved Mr. Moody will read, we think, with pleasure the following, from pages 56 and 57 of our Autobiographical Sketches:

How Dwight L. Moody Helped the Animals.

The last day of my stop in Baltimore was a notable one. The great Maryland Sunday School Convention was in session in one of the largest churches, and every moment occupied. I had applied in vain for permission to speak in behalf of animals. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, then in Baltimore, was to take charge of its exercises on the great day of the convention. I went to his house and asked him to speak for those that could not speak for themselves. He said, "Come and speak yourself." I said, "They will not let me." He said, "Come to the church tomorrow morning." I was there promptly with two thousand copies of "Marett Tract." The great church was packed, every seat full, the aisles full; from one to two hundred clergymen, perhaps, on the platform; each county with its banner. No admission except by ticket. In a few moments Mr. Moody came. "Follow me," said he. He took me

through the crowd to the platform. "Put your tracts here and follow me," he said; and in one minute I found myself on the front of the platform, in the chair which had apparently been reserved for him. He called for another chair; gave out one of his beautiful melodies; then sent the contribution boxes around, ordered them up on the platform so that all the ministers might have a chance to give, then sent them down to the vestry, saying, "I don't want any money rattling around here;" then another melody; then spoke some twenty minutes, bringing tears to the eyes of many; then broke off suddenly, and, while every eye was upon him, said, "My friend, Mr. Angell of Boston, is now going to talk to you about kindness to animals, a most important subject for Sunday schools. Step forward, Mr. Angell, and speak." I do not think there was ever a more astonished audience. I am sure that during the fifteen minutes I addressed them I never had a more attentive one. At the close he at once took charge of the distribution of the tracts, and added words of kindness which I shall never forget. And that is how D. L. Moody helped the animals.

The Maryland Society for the Protection of Animals has become a live power in that State. We think of no better epitaph for Mr. Moody's tombstone than "Servant of God, well done."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, January, 1909.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for
gratuitous distribution only can send us five
cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies,
or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We
cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one
year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper
will please make application to this office.

Our *American Humane Education Society*
sends this paper this month to the editors of
over twenty-two thousand, five hundred news-
papers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling
Richmond 572; or our Mass. Society, Main 1226.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges
for its use, but in emergency cases *where they are unable*
to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the
Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a
police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIBERS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us
subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of
receipts, which is published in each number of our paper,
and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly
credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers
please write again, and on the envelope put the word
"Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read
only a small part of the letters received, and seldom
long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month *three hun-*
dred and eleven new branches of our Parent
Band of Mercy, making a total of *seventy-*
three thousand six hundred and forty-one.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of
Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds
we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above
represented. They are very handsome—a white star on
a blue ground, with gilt letters and border, and we sell
them at bare cost, *five for ten cents*, in money or postage
stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot
attend to smaller numbers than *five*.

THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

At the December meeting of the directors
of the American Humane Education Society
and the Massachusetts Society for the Pre-
vention of Cruelty to Animals, held this
morning, President Angell reported that the
prosecuting agents of the Massachusetts So-
ciety, in their investigation of complaints
during the month, examined three thousand
eight hundred and sixty-seven animals, took
one hundred and nine horses from work, and
mercifully killed two hundred and twenty-one
horses and other animals.

Three hundred and eleven new Bands of
Mercy have been formed during the month,
making a total of seventy-three thousand six
hundred and forty-one.

By the will of Caleb Chase of Brookline, the
Massachusetts Society is to receive \$5,000.

Boston, December 16, 1908.

OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:

For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins,
Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.

For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson,
Worcester, 142 June Street. Tel. 288-3.

For Southeastern Massachusetts—Henry A. Perry,
Mansfield.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—
James R. Hathaway, Special Agent; Thomas
Langlan, Charles F. Clark, George W. Splaine,
Frank G. Phillips, Joseph M. Russell, Harry L.
Allen; Emergency Agent, Geo. Albert Grant—all
at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred
unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities
and towns who render us more or less service.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF
HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS.

In behalf of the Massachusetts Soci-
ety for the Prevention of Cruelty to
Animals, I hereby offer five dollars to
any person knowing of cruelty to any
horse in Massachusetts who will give
us *in court* the evidence necessary to
convict; also for similar evidence *in*
court to enable us to convict any per-
son of cruelty to any other domestic
animal in Massachusetts, I offer a prize
of not less than two dollars.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

AT THE NEW ORLEANS CONVENTION.

We are glad to be informed that the annual
convention of the American Humane Associa-
tion of societies for the prevention of cruelty
to children and animals at New Orleans, on
November 17, 18 and 19, was a great success
in its number of delegates, the papers that
were read there, the discussions and resolu-
tions, and plans of work, and the overwhelm-
ing hospitality of our New Orleans friends;
probably no one of the Association's annual
conventions has ever given greater pleasure
and satisfaction to the delegates attending.
The old board of officers, with Dr. W. O.
Stillman of Albany, N. Y., as President, was
reflected with some additions; and an en-
thusiastic invitation from the society and
mayor of Nashville, Tennessee, was received
to hold the next convention in that city.

In our paper, which was read there, we
expressed the wish that our country should
lead the world in civilization and humanity,
and that for this purpose it was most desirable
that the representatives of our humane soci-
eties should meet from time to time in leading
cities, North, South, East and West.

We have also been much gratified to receive
from our good friends, Mrs. Schaffter of New
Orleans, Dr. Leffingwell of Aurora, New York,
and President Stillman, letters giving high
praise to our delegate and secretary, Mr. Guy
Richardson.

We should be glad to publish much more
in regard to the New Orleans convention if
we were not so tremendously crowded with
other matters; and have constantly before us
a knowledge that our audience includes about
twenty thousand newspapers, and our paper
must be made so interesting as to escape the
wastebasket. If we spoke only of our par-
ticular subjects we should lose three-quarters
of our most important readers. The American
Humane Association, dealing with such vast
subjects as cruelty to children and cruelty to
animals, should have a monthly paper of its
own in which all matters interesting to our
humane societies should be printed. The
principal object of our paper must be to con-
vert our American heathen who would never
read a paper that might be acceptable to
humane workers.

Among the best subjects discussed at the
convention was a plan by Mr. Henry C. Mer-
win for the employment of traveling agents
to visit all the towns in a State, and report
and deal with cases of cruelty; also a plan by
Miss Marshall Saunders for the protection of
birds; also a very interesting address by
President Stillman.

We earnestly wish that President Stillman
might be able to abandon his profession, as
we did, and give his entire time to prosecuting
his great work for the protection of children
and animals.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR SECRETARY, MR. GUY RICHARDSON.

In answer to a question about our secretary,
Mr. Guy Richardson, it gives me great pleasure
to say that I selected him out of a large num-
ber of applicants for the position; that he
came to me with the highest recommendations
from my old friend, the President of Boston
University, where Mr. Richardson graduated;
that his mother is President of the New Hamp-
shire Woman's Christian Temperance Union;
that he has given me great satisfaction in the
duties devolving upon him; that at the con-
vention of the American Humane Associa-
tion of societies for the prevention of cruelty
to children and animals, held in Boston last
year, he won the good will of the delegates,
and at the convention recently held in New
Orleans he has won distinguished praise from
various members of the convention, who have
written me on the subject.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MRS. MARY L. SCHAFFTER OF
NEW ORLEANS.

In the winter of 1884-5 Mrs. Schaffter did
splendid work in aiding us to form the Louisi-
ana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to
Animals, of which she has always been a most
efficient and successful friend. We believe
that she is now about the only person living
who was prominent in the founding of that
society and she is entitled to the warmest
thanks of all now interested in it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Ex-Attorney General Albert E. Pillsbury,
counsel of our two humane societies, sends us,
just as we are going to press, a copy of the
President's message, in which he expresses
his wish that all the schoolboys of America
should be shooting army rifles, which, of
course, would result in great danger not only
to thousands of animals, but to thousands of
human beings. Even in ordinary hunting
now a great many hunters are shot, and if all
the schoolboys of America were set to work
shooting army rifles, nobody can estimate
the amount of danger there would be to
human and animal life.

We thank the Lord that the days of Roose-
velt as President will soon be over, and we
most sincerely hope that we shall have a
vastly safer man to fill his place.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over seventy-three thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



UNDERSTOOD OUR LANGUAGE.

Lake George, N.Y., Nov. 30, 1908.

Dear Mr. Angell:—Some time ago we had a collie by the name of Rex. My driving mare we called Nettie, and if Rex ever heard me speak the mare's name or say I should hitch up and take a drive, no matter in what language I voiced my intention, he was on the alert and at the door, whining to be allowed to go, as he was very fond of the mare. The time came when a removal of the family to this town forbade keeping the dog. I found a willing purchaser and good home for him where he is to-day; and the day I announced the fact at the breakfast table I told my wife not to allow Rex to go out, as I would come up and get him in time to ship him on the noon train.

The dog could never be coaxed or driven into the cellar, for some unknown reason, but when I came for him and searched the house from top to bottom, calling him constantly for some time, he was at last discovered in the farthest corner of the cellar behind some barrels.

His story has a happy sequel, for he is now the contented guardian of an old lady who has no children, and values the dog beyond price. When he first arrived in his present home he was very mournful and homesick for some time, but has gotten over it and is now contented.—E. A. KNIGHT, Editor *The Lake George Mirror*.

DOG SAVES THREE PERSONS FROM DEATH IN MELROSE FIRE.

A Boston terrier saved the lives of three early to-day in a fire which destroyed the home of John W. Davis at No. 314 Swains Pond road, Melrose. Davis was awakened about one o'clock by the growling of his terrier Shorty. He was half asleep and called a command to the dog to be still. He fell asleep again, only to be aroused a second time by the dog, which was pawing beside the bed and whining.

"What's the matter, Shorty? If you don't behave I'll have to lick you," he scolded. Shorty answered with a series of snappy barks.

"I wonder if he's mad," suddenly thought Davis, thinking of the numerous cases of hydrophobia lately. The dog by this time was frantic. Davis jumped up and struck a light.

As he did so he saw smoke curling around the edges of the closed bedroom door. Calling to his wife, he flung open the door and a cloud of smoke rolled in from the hall.

Davis stumbled through the smoke to his daughter's room, several times being driven back by the flames which were licking the walls all about him.

He aroused his daughter and told her to dress and get out and then ran back to his wife.

The faithful dog thought it had been left to guard her and he never moved. Davis had some difficulty in rousing his wife, who was slightly affected by the smoke. He took her out, the dog following him and all the time making a great fuss.

Alderman George W. Russell heard Davis crying for help and ran in his night clothes and barefoot to the alarm box half a mile distant. The engines had to make a two and one-half mile run and when they got to the fire the house was blazing from the front porch to the rear garret.

Davis thinks the fire caught from the chimney. He placed the loss at \$4,000 for house and furniture and said he carried but \$1,500 insurance.

"We all owe our lives to Shorty," he said. "You can bet we'll be good to that dog as long as it lives. If we had been alone the three of us would have been burned. My wife and daughter never would have waked up, while it took the most persistent efforts by poor old Shorty to even get me aroused."

"Good old Shorty," said Davis, patting the terrier affectionately. And Shorty seemed to know, if frantic efforts to wiggle his rather rudimentary screw tail indicated anything.

—Boston American, Nov. 28.

Fortunately this dog was neither tied or muzzled. GEO. T. ANGELL.

A MISTAKE ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA.

I regret to learn that in various newspapers allusion is made to a statement, said to have been made by me, that there is no such disease as hydrophobia.

I have never made any such statement, although I have a vast deal of evidence from people who entertain the opinion that it is largely a disease of the imagination. When doctors disagree so widely, I cannot decide.

Some of the papers quote me as being Doctor Angell. I have never been a doctor of divinity, law, medicine, philosophy, or any other kind of a doctor that I am aware of. I was a member of the Suffolk Bar, and in that business accumulated the means which enabled me to work over twenty years without pecuniary compensation.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on purple velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

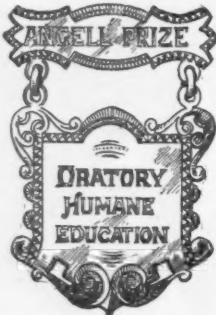
GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—Boston Courier.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

OUR CREED and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle flags, its badges, and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 50 cents at office, or 60 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, new edition, illustrated, \$1.25, postpaid; smaller edition, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed; cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. All editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OF GREATER POWER THAN THE BATTLESHIP, NORTH DAKOTA.

November 19, 1908.

My dear Mrs. Reed:—It gives me infinite pleasure to receive your kind favor of November 17, and know of your success in having systematic humane education adopted in all the schools of Greenwich, Conn., and that your success is to be celebrated by a great public meeting to be addressed by Dr. William Maxwell, superintendent of schools in New York City, Prof. Dewey of Columbia University, Madam Von Klemser, president of the Woman's Press Club, and Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton.

A few days since a great battleship (the *North Dakota*) was launched at a shipyard near Boston and columns in our newspapers were given to its launching. In my opinion you have launched a ship of mercy a hundred times more important for the protection of property and life and the promotion, in the words of our American Humane Education Society's objects, of "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature, both human and those we call dumb."

It is said that nine hundred officers and men will be required to man the *North Dakota*. The four who are to address your meeting probably hold in their hands an influence for the good of our country and the world many times more important than the influence of the nine hundred that will steam out of Boston harbor on this great battleship.

With kind wishes,

Yours sincerely,
GEO. T. ANGELL.

ONLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

Probably the only paper in the world that is published for naught but the good it can do is *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass. It is an eloquent monthly plea for those who cannot speak for themselves, finely illustrated and nicely printed—a paper that should go into every house, especially those where there are children. In the November number there is a portrait of George T. Angell, publisher—a man whose face betokens the kindness which prompts his unintermitting work for good. Forty years ago he began, and in all that time his earnestness has never flagged. No advertisements appear in his paper—for the suggestive reason that he wishes to maintain it absolutely independent of every influence that even by implication might detract from its beneficent purpose and usefulness. Is there another paper like it?—*Mining Journal*, Frostburg, Maryland, Nov. 21, 1908.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above-named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK you do?

ANSWER. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably OVER SIXTY MILLIONS of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight checkreins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanised iron pipes.

(3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

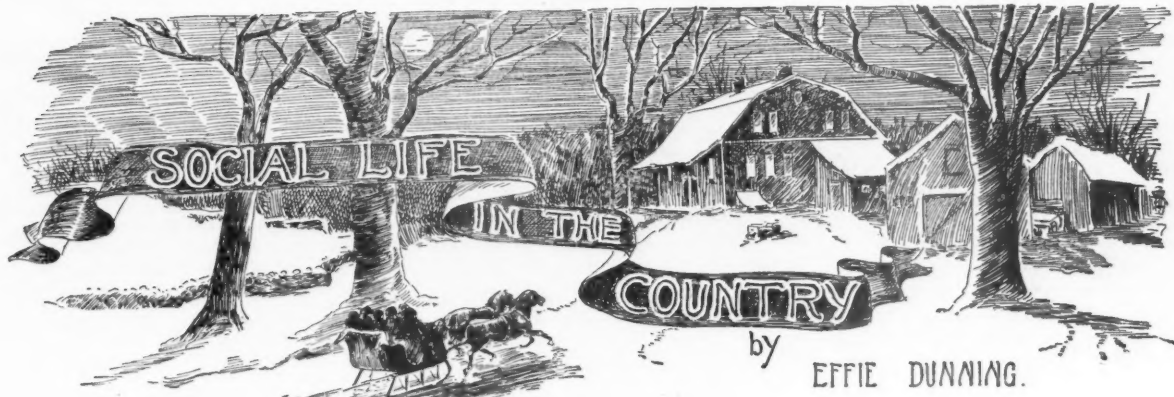
(4) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

Send for prize essays published by our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.



GOING TO WISH OUR FRIENDS A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BOTH PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC APPROVALS.

We have in our morning's mail, of December 4, several very kind notices of our paper and our work. A Missouri editor tells us we are doing a grand and noble work, but must not expect to get our just dues in this world, but hopes we may get them in the great unknown. And here is a letter from the Rev. Fr. Thomas Middleton, O. S. A., of St. Thomas Monastery, Villanova, Pennsylvania, expressing the admiration and kindness of its writer; and here is the following from a prominent Catholic clergyman in the vicinity of Boston, in which he informs us that he has distributed some six hundred copies of our December issue to his Sunday school children:

"Your kind words in the last number of *Dumb Animals* concerning the Catholic Centenary lead me to express to you the feelings of gratitude which Catholics entertain for you in person, and of good will for the great work you are so earnestly and successfully advocating. I used the occasion of this number to distribute some six hundred copies of the paper to my Sunday school children and to exhort them to practice the lessons you teach.

"I was privileged to be a member of the household of the late Archbishop Williams for many years and I can testify from my close acquaintance how much regard he had for you and your crusade. In fact, in a short history of the Boston Diocese, published on the occasion of the Centenary, this love for dumb animals was mentioned as a distinguishing trait of his character; and in it he was quoted as remarking the great change for the better he had observed in his lifetime in the treatment of animals—and I could add that I heard him attribute the credit of this beneficent change to your labors.

"May God continue to guide you in your work for years to come.

"Sincerely yours."

BERKSHIRE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE.

We are glad to know by a kind letter from Mrs. J. L. C. Couch, its president, of the grand, good work being done by the Berkshire Animal Rescue League, headquarters at Pittsfield. The league is soon to be incorporated, has largely attended meetings, and we have no doubt is to become a power in the western part of our State. It has now between one and two hundred members.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Always keep your dogs and cats nights where they will not disturb the sleep of your neighbors and so come in danger of being poisoned.

BLACK SOFT COAL SMOKE IN BOSTON.

The following letter was sent on November 20 to the excellent Superintendent of our City Board of Health, Dr. Samuel H. Durgin. As we have received no answer, and as the doctor usually answers all our questions very promptly, we presume that it will be a difficult undertaking to compel the Boston Elevated Railroad Company to burn hard coal instead of soft. And so to aid the doctor by stirring up public opinion on the subject we publish our letter in this paper, which, as our readers know, goes every month to every doctor, lawyer, clergyman, newspaper, and a multitude of others in Boston and over our entire State, and to all newspapers and magazines in the United States:

Boston, Nov. 20, 1908.

Dear Dr. Durgin:—During the whole summer and in my daily rides since I returned to the city I have seen huge columns of black soft coal smoke going up from the chimneys of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company at 439 Albany street, and reaching out every day and probably every night over our city. Thousands of people have been and are compelled to breathe more or less of this smoke. I do not know whether your Board of Health has sufficient power to compel the Elevated Company to use hard coal instead of soft, but I am sure if you could bring about such a change it would result in great benefit.

With kindest wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HEREDITY.

While we have never attempted to trace our own ancestry back to the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, it is always a pleasure to us to think that our father's life as a clergyman was recorded in the annals of the Baptist pulpit and in the remembrance of his church and congregation as having won the approbation and kind wishes of all who knew him, and even more a pleasure to know of the good deeds of our good mother. There is still living, as the wife of our Vice-President, Hon. Henry B. Hill, a lady who attended more than seventy years ago the private school for young ladies which our mother kept at Salem, Massachusetts, and who after this long lapse of years declares she has never met any one who could more properly bear the name of Angell. In the great Boston fire of 1872 a multitude of our mother's letters, full of charitable and religious devotion, were burned, and so it was a greater pleasure to us after Thanksgiving, which we tried to make happier for others as well as ourself, to receive in our next morning's mail, on November 27, a picture of our native town, Southbridge, Massachusetts, together with letters written by our good mother more than fifty years ago.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOOD NEWS.

It is good news that at the great national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, recently held at Denver, Colorado, particular attention was called by our good friend, its national president, to the influence of *Our Dumb Animals* and to the statement by Mrs. Lovell, the national superintendent, that there are now nine hundred and seven superintendents in the mercy department in the United States and much need of more superintendents, more Bands of Mercy, and more teaching of mercy through the pulpit and the press. The message we sent to the convention expressed our gratitude that while politicians all over our country were sitting on their political fences crying out *Good Lord—Good Devil*, here is a great army of Christian women, marching under the banner of the Cross, without one selfish purpose or thought, seeking only the *Glory of God and the welfare of mankind*.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A PERFECT BONANZA.

A prominent Boston business man said to us some time since, "If you would only take advertisements in your paper, Mr. Angell, you would have a perfect bonanza." Notwithstanding this kind advice, we told one of our last applicants that we should charge him five hundred dollars for a single insertion of the small advertisement he had and should then apologize for inserting it. When we see a picture we want we are glad to give credit to the sender. We have had offers from Boston and New York publishers of more than a thousand pictures without charge.

Far more important than any bonanza to us is the power of sending out every month to every newspaper in America north of Mexico and to the presidents and secretaries of all American universities and colleges and to every lawyer, doctor, clergyman, and school superintendent of our own State and a multitude of others all over our country and in foreign countries, everything we want to say which in our own judgment will tend to promote, in the words of our *American Humane Education Society*, "*Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature, both human and those we call dumb.*" And so it has come to pass that if one of our readers, standing on the north boundary line of Alaska, or the south boundary line of New Mexico, should happen to see the sign of some little newspaper and drop in and inquire, "Do you have *Our Dumb Animals* from Boston?" the answer would be, "We not only have it every month but we read it."

Our monthly audience includes the men and women who talk possibly to a hundred million people in our own and other countries, and is certainly one of the most important audiences in the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GOOD LETTER ENCLOSING A CHECK FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Dear Mr. Angell:—With my very grateful regards please accept the enclosed subscription to the American Humane Education Society. As I consider the vast, far reaching work which you have accomplished I rejoice for the sake of the suffering creation in the long years of your unabated usefulness. May I be permitted to repeat a remark made by one who is a regular reader of your monthly paper, namely, "that no one man could be so little spared from the world as Mr. Angell," a thought which is echoed by

Yours sincerely.

THIS MORNING'S MAIL.

In this morning's mail we find a number of kind editorial notices in papers coming from different parts of our country, but none that pleases us more than the closing lines of one in the *Bristol (Connecticut) Press*, as follows:

"And, by the way, if people are looking for a rather remarkable publication that has individuality, convictions, aggressive force and humanity in every line, as well as being in a distinctive class by itself, they should read *Our Dumb Animals*. There is not in all the wide world another publication like it."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

COUNT TOLSTOI.

Count Tolstoi in the *New York World* gives one of the most striking articles we have ever seen on the wickedness of war, showing how by the cunning manipulations of politicians poor men are led to forget the teachings of Christ, and at the command of their leaders shoot down other poor people who are their brother Christians and might be their best friends, whenever it becomes for the interest of the politicians to so order.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"WATKINS, NEW YORK, EXPRESS," ON ROOSEVELT.

Really, when you come to think of a man's buying a costly outfit and journeying five thousand miles in order to kill things which he doesn't need and just for the joy he finds in tearing them to pieces with bullets, it makes one wonder if, after all, man has got very far away from the savage from which he sprang. Last week the German Emperor killed thirty deer because he loved the sport of killing them, and President Roosevelt is going to Africa because it gives him joy to match his man's intellect against that of an animal, overcome him and put him to an agonizing death. He will probably have a hundred natives to help him and altogether they will drive the poor bewildered, terrified beast into a corner and then the big man of the party will plump lead into him until he can make no further fight but dies moaning with pain, and wondering in a vague animal way why they are all so bent on killing him. Great achievement; telegraphed all over the world.

FOR CRUELTY IN TRANSPORTATION.

We are glad to learn from our counsel, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, that in our United States Circuit Court it has been decided that the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company shall pay two hundred and fifty dollars on each of two counts, and two hundred dollars on each of three counts, for bringing cattle from Albany to Boston, during more than twenty-eight hours without rest, water and feeding.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Kind words, a gentle voice and a little petting will accomplish vastly more than any amount of yelling.

FROM KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

We have an interesting letter from Mr. Charles E. Stokes of Kansas City, Missouri, chairman of the executive committee of the Missouri temperance organizations, suggesting to us what we are well aware of, that a vast deal of cruelty to animals comes from the drinking of intoxicating liquors. We are glad to say that in all the publications of our temperance societies probably no single book can be found more effective than "Black Beauty," of which we have caused already more than three millions copies to be circulated in our own and foreign languages. We want all our temperance workers to carefully read this wonderful book.

Our Humane Societies and Bands of Mercy are receiving most efficient service from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, many of whose leaders have been and are among our best friends.

We are glad to add that the mother of our secretary, Mr. Guy Richardson, is president of the New Hampshire W. C. T. U.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE SALE OF GOLD FISH IN THE FIVE AND TEN-CENT STORES.

We have been notified of great suffering inflicted upon gold fish, which have been sold in some of our five and ten-cent stores, and which have been compelled to slowly die from inattention, failing to change the water, etc. We have instructed our officers to do everything possible to stop this cruelty.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A PROMINENT BOSTON LADY.

A prominent Boston lady kindly suggests to us various things that are more dangerous to human life than dogs, among which she includes the rusty nails and broken glass frequently thrown into our streets. We have repeatedly called attention to this subject and trust that our police will be especially careful by cautions and enforcement of laws to prevent, so far as possible, the danger.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

We were glad to be notified in our morning mail of November 30 that the city authorities of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, have voted a special pension for the support, in his old age, of "Billy," a horse employed by the fire department for over twenty years. We hope other cities will follow this good example.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We are pleased to receive on December 5 an order from the Humane Society at Honolulu for two hundred copies of "Black Beauty," two hundred copies of "Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst," and one hundred copies of "Strike at Shane's."

We are sending out our missionaries over the world, and if we had about a million dollars should soon have going to every civilized country hundreds of thousands of these missionaries to proclaim the gospel of "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature," both human and those we call dumb.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

As Brazil is now building at a cost of thirty millions of dollars the three most powerful battleships in the world, much larger than ours, we shall not be compelled any longer to bother our heads about protecting Brazil from European governments, but we may have to bother our heads a good deal to get the Panama Canal built large enough for these monsters to pass through.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HARVARD AND YALE'S GAMBLING FOOTBALL FIGHT.

In the *Boston Herald*, of November 23, we see that Harvard's undergraduates brought home on the previous Saturday from New Haven about eighty thousand dollars from Yale undergraduates; that Yale students were "so confident of victory that some of them sold their furniture to raise the money with which to bet." Probably outsiders lost twice or three times, and perhaps more, than eighty thousand dollars of somebody's money on these gambling bets.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.

A gentleman who is preparing a book on the immortality of animals writes us for all information we can furnish on that subject. We send him a variety of articles which have appeared in our paper, giving the opinions of distinguished men in its favor. We add to the letter that we do not know whether animals are immortal or not, but are quite certain that the tens of thousands of horses and mules which have been and are being terribly wounded and killed on various battlefields will never, when they leave this world, get into a worse one.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NOT HYDROPHOBIA.

In a recent issue of one of our Boston daily papers it is stated that a cow acting furiously appeared to have hydrophobia. In the *Boston Globe*, of December 11, appears an almost precisely similar case in which it was found that the only trouble was that the animal was suffering greatly from thirst and recovered at once when supplied with water.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SHOOTING PIGEONS FROM TRAPS IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

We are delighted to learn from the Buenos Ayres, Argentine, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that the shooting of live pigeons from traps for sport has been abolished in that country, and it is a pleasure for us to remember that the first battle to abolish that brutal sport was fought at our Massachusetts State House, where, with three prominent lawyers and hundreds of pigeon-shooters against us, we won a complete victory, and so set an example which is likely to be followed in civilized nations all over the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM THE "PACIFIC HEALTH JOURNAL."

No paper comes to our table which so touches a tender chord as does *Our Dumb Animals*.

The very pictures seem to appeal for a more humane humanity. Parents, do you want to instill a true nobility of character into your children and teach them to love and respect the rights of their dumb companions? Nothing will so effectually do this as the monthly visits of *Our Dumb Animals*, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

THE PLAY OF BLACK BEAUTY.

Our readers will remember that the prize play of "Black Beauty," for which our American Humane Education Society paid a thousand dollars, we sold within one hour after receiving our receipted bill for it to Messrs. Atkinson and Thatcher of Boston, dramatists. We were told by Mr. Atkinson last evening that it was proving already a great success, with a promise of a still greater. By the small audiences it has already reached, it has been welcomed with enthusiasm and before long it will be put before the large audiences of our large cities.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MAJ.-GENERAL ROBT. E. LEE, OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

On one occasion, in 1864, when General Lee was visiting a battery on the lines below Richmond, the soldiers crowded around him and attracted the fire of the enemy. He said to them quietly, but earnestly: "Men, you had better go into the back yard; they are firing at us here, and you are exposing yourselves to unnecessary danger." The men obeyed the order, but saw their chief walk across the yard, apparently indifferent to his own danger, and stoop down and pick up tenderly an unfledged sparrow that had just fallen from its nest, carefully placing it upon a limb of the tree overhead.

There is a paper published in Boston, Mass., which ought to be in every American home. We refer to *Our Dumb Animals*, edited by the venerable president of the American Humane Education Society, George T. Angell. It teaches kindness to every living creature, and mercy and peace for men. In these days when the militant spirit is so predominant and when there are those who would set every school boy in America to shooting army rifles, there is great need of education that will open their eyes to the folly, cruelty and wickedness of war.—*Mesa County Democrat*, Grand Junction, Colo., Dec. 4, 1908.

HUMANE SOCIETY WILL GIVE ENTERTAINMENT.

At the opera house Friday evening, December 11, will be given an entertainment for the benefit of the Hood River humane society, in which will participate some of our best local talent. There will be a speaking contest in which six young people will compete for a prize, a silver medal beautifully engraved with the emblems of the national humane society, and bearing the name of Angell, the great humanitarian and friend of all dumb creatures. His name stands for mercy throughout the land, and would alone make the prize well worth the winning.—*Hood River (Oregon) News Letter*, Dec. 2, 1908.

HYDROPHOBIA.

The following appeared in the *Boston Evening Traveler* of December first:

"Mr. Angell says (in answer to reporter's questions):

"I have read a vast deal of evidence referring to the existence of hydrophobia. Dr. Charles W. Dulles, lecturer on the history of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, has been repeatedly appointed by the medical society of that State to investigate the subject. For twenty-five years he has been gathering data upon it from every part of the world and has made a practice of corresponding with every physician reported to have a case of hydrophobia. He finds the evidence of its existence so feeble as to make it doubtful as to whether it is anything more serious than a disease of the imagination.

Never Saw Case.

"The oldest physician in South Boston, Dr. William H. Ruddick, said the other day that he had never seen a case in his life, and that he had never personally known any other physician who had ever seen a case. I have enough similar evidence in my possession to fill your paper.

"Dr. Matthew Woods of Philadelphia has been investigating hydrophobia for twenty years, and he offers to pay \$100 to any person who will bring him an undoubted case. His reward is still unclaimed. The oldest hospital in the country, the Pennsylvania, has had but one supposed case in all its existence, and that was found to have been diagnosed incorrectly.

"It seems surprising that in the great public pounds, where tens of thousands of stray dogs are gathered, none of the attendants have ever had hydrophobia, out of thousands of bite wounds. Following the announcement of



FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE

From "Old Boston in Colonial Days."

L. C. Page & Co., Publishers, Boston.

This house stood on the lot next to the building now occupied by our Humane Societies, 19 Milk Street.

Pasteur's theory of the disease and its cure, I have been told that hydrophobia increased wonderfully in France, but across the German border, where Pasteur was not taken seriously, hydrophobia is practically unknown.

"It seems singular that mad dogs confine their operations to the State of Massachusetts and are rarely heard from in other adjacent States. The dogs must know where the State lines are.

"I decline to say that there is no such thing as hydrophobia. I can only state that I have accumulated a vast deal of evidence bearing on the subject, and do not feel competent to decide a point on which the doctors so widely differ.

"I do know that there is an enormous power in the imagination, which sometimes cures people and, I have no doubt, sometimes kills them."

OUR TWO GREAT POLITICAL PARTIES WITH THEIR MACHINE POLITICIANS.

We are asked what we think of our two great political parties, and we answer that we are reminded of the old judge's charge to a jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury, if you believe what the plaintiff's counsel has told you, you will find a verdict for the plaintiff, but if on the other hand you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will find for the defendant, but if—like me—you don't believe either of them, the Lord only knows what you will do."

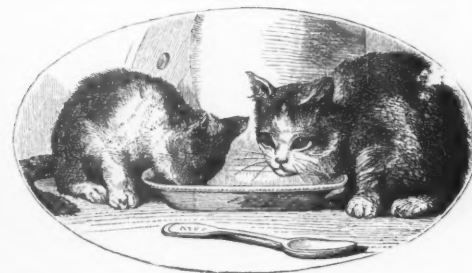
TO KILL MOSQUITOES.

Some of the cities of Florida are almost entirely dependent on cisterns for water supply, and it has been realized lately that these tanks must furnish a favorable place for the propagation of mosquitoes. One of the suggested means of conducting warfare against the pest consisted of stocking these reservoirs with small fish to feed on the mosquito larvæ. This method has been tried in one place and another in Florida, and has proved successful in every case. The fish eat the larvæ greedily, keeping the water clear of them, and live for years, even in tanks that are covered and their living place one of darkness.—*Boston Post*, Dec. 6, 1908.

FROM A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

"I heartily endorse your strong and fearless testimony against war and the unselfish work you are doing. With the prayer that at last the right will prevail, I remain, sincerely,"

[We would rather receive such letters than swords or loving cups.]



AN INTELLIGENT CAT.

Baron Von Gleichen, a German diplomat, used to tell a story of a favorite cat as a proof that the feline race can think and draw practical conclusions. The cat was very fond of looking in mirrors hung against the walls, and would gnaw at the frames, as if longing to know what was inside. She had, however, never seen the backside of a mirror. One day the baron placed a cheval-glass in the middle of the room, and the cat instantly took in the novelty of the situation.

Placing herself in front and seeing a second cat, she began to run round the mirror in search of her companion. After running round one way several times, she began to run the other, until fully satisfied that there was no cat beside herself outside of the glass, But where was the second cat? She sat down in front of the glass to meditate on the problem. Evidently inside, as she had often before imagined. Suddenly a new thought occurred to her. Rising deliberately, she put her paws on the glass in front and then behind, walked round to the other side, and measured the thickness in the same way. Then she sat down again to think. There might be a cavity inside, but it was not large enough to hold a cat. She seemed to come to the deliberate conclusion that there was a mystery here, but no cat, and it wasn't worth while to bother about it. From that time the baron said she lost all curiosity about looking-glasses.

MR. ANGELL.

(From *Onward*, Toronto, Canada.)

George T. Angell, president and founder of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was born 85 years ago. He is still the very effective editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, a noble publication mailed regularly to every daily paper in the United States. It is no exaggeration to say that he has accomplished a gigantic work for humanity and civilization. A lawyer, scholar, and man of intellect, he has spoken boldly on thousands of occasions for animals unable to speak for themselves, and been instrumental in a vast deal of legislation for their protection. Indeed his life work has been Christ-like, consecrated to the cause of the helpless and suffering members of the brute creation.

THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

Sir:—If any one has been very nearly suffocated he will tell you that the lethal chamber process is a frightful death. The feeling is horrible; sometimes the dogs take over five minutes. Poisoning by hydrocyanic acid takes only half a minute—why not use it? Is it the expense or want of knowledge on the part of the destroyer? In regard to the suffocation, I am writing from my own experience. Kindly put this in your *Animal World*, and oblige.—I am, sir, yours, etc., ARTHUR H. JACOBS, M. R. C. V. S. — *Animal World*, London.

FEED THE BIRDS IN WINTER.

When the snow comes the birds may starve. A small supply of grain or even sweepings of hay mows would relieve their distress. Save your crumbs for them.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

| | | | | |
|---|---|--|---|--|
| 73223 South Weymouth, Mass. Pratt School Bands. Div. 1. P., C. E. A. Starrett. | 73259 Jefferson School Bands. Div. 1. P., K. E. McEnroe. | 73294 Div. 6. P., A. H. Duval. | 73327 Div. 2. P., Miss Marion Parks. | 73363 Div. 7. P., G. U. Davis. |
| 73224 Div. 2. P., L. M. Murphy. | 73260 Div. 2. P., Harriet Bishop. | 73295 Div. 7. P., F. M. Provost. | 73328 Div. 3. P., Miss Lena Tinkham. | 73364 Div. 8. P., E. F. Caswell. |
| 73225 Div. 3. P., N. M. Holbrook. | 73261 Div. 3. P., E. T. McCarthy. | 73296 Stowe School Bands. Div. 1. P., A. E. Chase. | 73329 Div. 4. P., Miss Maynie Barnum. | 73365 Div. 9. P., M. A. Conrad. |
| 73226 Div. 4. P., Louisa Sponce. | 73262 Div. 4. P., F. E. Smith. | 73297 Div. 2. P., Grace Hill. | 73330 Cincinnati, Ohio. Third Grade, 11th Dist. School Band. P., Joseph Shapiro. | 73366 Div. 10. P., M. L. Kimball. |
| 73227 Bates School Bands. Div. 1. P., E. N. Hollis. | 73263 North Andover, Mass. Merrimack School Bds. Div. 1. P., Edwin A. Damon. | 73298 Div. 3. P., C. J. Burr. | 73331 Old Orchard, Me. Kindness Band P., E. J. Manley. | 73367 Div. 11. P., E. A. Spring. |
| 73228 Div. 2. P., A. L. McGrory. | 73264 Div. 2. P., T. E. Connolly. | 73299 Div. 4. P., E. B. Coleman. | 73332 Landenberg, Pa. The Earnest Band. P., Harold M. Lund. | 73368 Div. 12. P., M. J. McGrath. |
| 73229 Div. 3. P., H. L. Rockwood. | 73265 Div. 3. P., M. E. Quealy. | 73300 Div. 5. P., Miss Wescott. | 73333 West Newton, Mass. Angels of the Dumb Bd. P., Mary Gilligan. | 73369 Div. 13. P., E. L. Fuller. |
| 73230 Div. 4. P., E. J. Smith. | 73266 Div. 4. P., C. L. White. | 73301 Div. 6. P., C. A. Dean. | 73334 Urbana, Ohio. Golden Rule. P., Robert Peirce. | 73370 Div. 14. P., S. A. Champney. |
| 73231 Howe School Bands. Div. 1. P., S. L. Terrell. | 73267 Div. 5. P., G. A. Hanlin. | 73302 Indian Ridge School Bd. Div. 1. P., J. T. David. | 73335 Bryant, Ia. Junior Sunshine Band. P., Annie E. McGraw. | 73371 Div. 15. P., ——— |
| 73232 Div. 2. P., A. A. Goodnow. | 73268 Div. 6. P., E. O. Peterson. | 73303 Div. 2. P., K. T. Moynihan. | 73336 Rescue, Cal. The Rescue Band. P., Miss Stella Lytton. | 73372 Laurel St. and Rollstone St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., G. F. Hubbard. |
| 73233 Div. 3. P., E. B. Bates. | 73269 Div. 7. P., M. E. Keating. | 73304 Div. 3. P., L. S. Carter. | 73337 Kansas City, Mo. Horace Mann School Room 9 Band. P., Edith Brumley. | 73373 Div. 2. P., A. E. Putnam. |
| 73234 Div. 4. P., G. L. Reed. | 73270 Div. 8. P., Frances M. Tredick. | 73305 Div. 4. P., E. E. Stone. | 73338 Brooklyn, N. Y. The Junior C. E. Band P., Master Wm. Versfelt. | 73374 Div. 3. P., J. F. Hills. |
| 73235 Pond School Band. P., Miss Joanna Connell. | 73271 Union School Bands. Div. 1. P., C. N. Wentworth. | 73306 Richardson School Bd. Div. 1. P., Helen W. Battles. | 73339 The Intermediate C. E. Band. P., Miss Grace Riker. | 73375 Div. 4. P., Winnifred Murnane. |
| 73236 Hollis School Band. P., Miss Mary L. Gove. | 73272 Div. 2. P., Helen G. Keefe. | 73307 Div. 2. P., Emma Ward. | 73340 San Fernando, Cal. The Fernando Band. P., E. C. Jaeger. | 73376 Div. 5. P., J. R. Rice. |
| 73237 North Weymouth, Mass. Athens School Bands. Div. 1. P., F. M. Rich. | 73273 Div. 3. P., Clara E. Bryer. | 73308 West Center School Bds. Div. 1. P., Emily F. Carlton. | 73341 Div. 1. P., 4 Divs. Miss M. A. Allen. | 73377 Div. 6. P., M. E. Luscombe. |
| 73238 Div. 2. P., E. S. Minard. | 73274 Div. 4. P., H. E. Roache. | 73309 Div. 2. P., Ethel F. Smith. | 73342 Div. 2. P., I. L. Jackson. | 73378 Div. 7. P., N. L. Dacey. |
| 73239 Div. 3. P., Pauline Vernon. | 73275 Bradstreet School Bds. Div. 1. P., Mrs. Florence A. Rafferty. | 73310 North School Band. P., Miss Brennan. | 73343 Div. 3. P., Katherine Hannon. | 73379 Div. 8. P., M. A. Connig. |
| 73240 Div. 4. P., B. E. Crowell. | 73276 Div. 2. P., M. M. Taylor. | 73311 Bailey School Band. P., Julia A. Brine. | 73344 Div. 4. P., 4 Divs. Miss M. A. Allen. | 73380 Div. 9. P., M. S. H. Wright. |
| 73241 Div. 5. P., R. C. Fogarty. | 73277 Div. 3. P., Henrietta Hatch. | 73312 Osgood School Band. P., Miss Rea. | 73345 Div. 5. P., 4 Divs. Miss M. A. Allen. | 73381 Div. 10. P., J. Y. Wright. |
| 73242 Div. 6. P., Pearl Grant. | 73278 Div. 4. P., Mary M. Quealy. | 73313 Ballardvale, Mass. Bradlee School Bands. Div. 1. P., C. A. Putnam. | 73346 Div. 6. P., F. L. Abbott. | 73382 Goodrich St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., J. T. Palmer. |
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THERE IS IN THE LOUVRE, AT PARIS.

There is in the Louvre a charming little picture, by Giotto, of St. Francis preaching to the birds. The saint's face with an earnest, loving expression, is looking up at the birds that, with outstretched necks and half-open beaks, appear to catch his words. The old legend which this painting illustrates with all the artist's vividness in presenting a story, is equally charming in its simplicity. It is as follows: As St. Francis was going toward Bivagno, he lifted up his eyes and saw a multitude of birds. He said to his companions: "Wait for me here while I preach to my little sisters, the birds." The birds all gathered around him, and he spoke to them somewhat as follows: "My little sisters, the birds, you owe much to God, your Creator, and ought to sing his praise at all times and in all places, because he has given you liberty, and the air to fly about in, and, though you neither spin nor sew, he has given you a covering for yourself and your little ones. He feeds you though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst, and trees in which to build your nests. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord."

As he preached, the birds opened their beaks, and stretched out their necks, and flapped their wings, and bowed their heads toward the earth.

His sermon over, St. Francis made the sign of the cross, and the birds flew up into the air, singing sweetly their song of praise, and dispersed toward the four quarters of the world, as if to convey the words they had heard to all the world.

(A young friend from Waterford, Conn., sends us the following:)

CAN HUNTERS HAVE HEARTS?

My uncle, while driving to the city recently on a business trip, saw a pigeon in the road. As he approached he noticed that the pigeon did not attempt to fly or try to get out of the way. When his horse was within a few feet of it, he stopped and got out of the carriage and picked the bird up. He found it had been hit with a shot just under the eye. This shot had destroyed the sight in both eyes. As he could not return then, he put the pigeon, which appeared to be all right in every other way excepting that it was blind, near the wall and intended to get it when he came back from the city. He did not return until late and it was dark, so came home without the pigeon.

Next day he took my sister and myself and drove about a mile to the place where he had left the blind pigeon, only to find him quite a way further, and pecking at the ground trying to find something to eat as he walked. I picked him up and carried him home. On close examination uncle discovered that besides the shot that had destroyed the bird's eyesight he had been struck by another in the back of the neck.

We are now feeding the bird and hope he will recover and may still have sight in one eye.

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

THE BIRDS

Worked Hard All Summer to Feed You!

It is up to You Now to

Feed the Birds This Winter.

Tie lumps of suet upon the trees beyond the reach of cats, for the insect-eating chickadees, woodpecker, nuthatch, etc.

Save the crumbs from the table, old seed, meat and any other little dainties which you can spare. Your winged benefactors will dispel that melancholy feeling associated with the winter months by their cheery notes of thanks for the good things you have given them.

It is essential to have warm water handy for thirsty birds.



CHRIST OF THE ANDES.



FEED THE BIRDS.

From *Animal Lovers' Calendar*, London.

THE BIRDS IN CHURCH.

God's happy children of the air
On leafy boughs are swaying,
While beings fair with forms divine
Are in the churches praying.

Cathedral grand with vaulted skies
The songs of birds are filling;
The wide extended plains of heaven
Are with their rapture thrilling.

They chant the anthems of their God
And worship him with singing;
Who listens to their songs may hear
The chimes of heaven a-ringing.

In divers notes of sweetest tone
Their lays to us come stealing;
They seem to draw us to the skies,
While in our pews we're kneeling.

We bow before the Lord in prayer,
Our love to Him expressing;
The prayer is said; we rise, and lo,
We see a sight distressing.

From bough to bough, from tree to tree,
The birds, no longer flitting,
All bruised and crushed and cold and dead,
On ladies' hats are sitting.

Their songs without now never heard,
The minstrels dead or dying;
Within the sinners, vain with pride,
Their God to praise are trying

They sing aloud their hymns of praise,
And think that God is hearing,
While on their shapeless hats in truth
A thousand birds they're wearing.

And now no chirping music wild
On airy wings is swelling;
The voiceless birds to church have gone
To find an alien dwelling.

Methinks could all these lifeless birds
Our hearts with song be filling,
A plaintive voice to us would say,
"Why don't you stop this killing?"

An answer bold in haste is made,
"What cares a bird for living?"
Just this, dear friend, to live the life
That God to it is giving.

No tearful voice, no whispered song,
Can end without His knowing;
Spare, then, the birds whose songs do set
The world to music going.

E. S. DREHER.

MY SONGBIRD.

A fair little bird went singing away
Far over the bright blue sea,
And the spice-laden breezes blew that day
The sweetest that sweet can be.
The song remained, though my sight was dim
To follow his flight afar,
Yet I close my eyes and a vision of him
Comes like a falling star.
The bird, and the song, and my heart, are one,
Forever and a day;
When the shadows fall, and the day is done,
The Song—it remains alway.

There's a flutter of wings, and my heart's quick beat
Gives answer of mate to mate,
'Till the song, and the echo oft repeat
The message with joy elate.

'Tis a simple song, only Love, and no more,
Yet 'tis swelling through boundless space;
It fills all the land from shore to shore,
And clothes all with beauty and grace.
Far back in the silence I sink to rest,
Letting go of all meaner things;
While the song of the bird and the down on his
breast
Bring a joy to be envied by Kings.

You may spread your wings as you will, little bird,
And fly far over the sea,
When my heart—repeating the song—you have
heard,
You will always come back to me.

J. D. BUCK, in *The Metaphysical Magazine*,
December, 1908.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Hundreds of thousands of children can never be taught *directly* in our schools to love either their fathers or mothers, but they can be taught to be constantly saying kind words and doing kind acts to the lower creatures, and in this way may be made better, kinder, and more merciful in all the relations of life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

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